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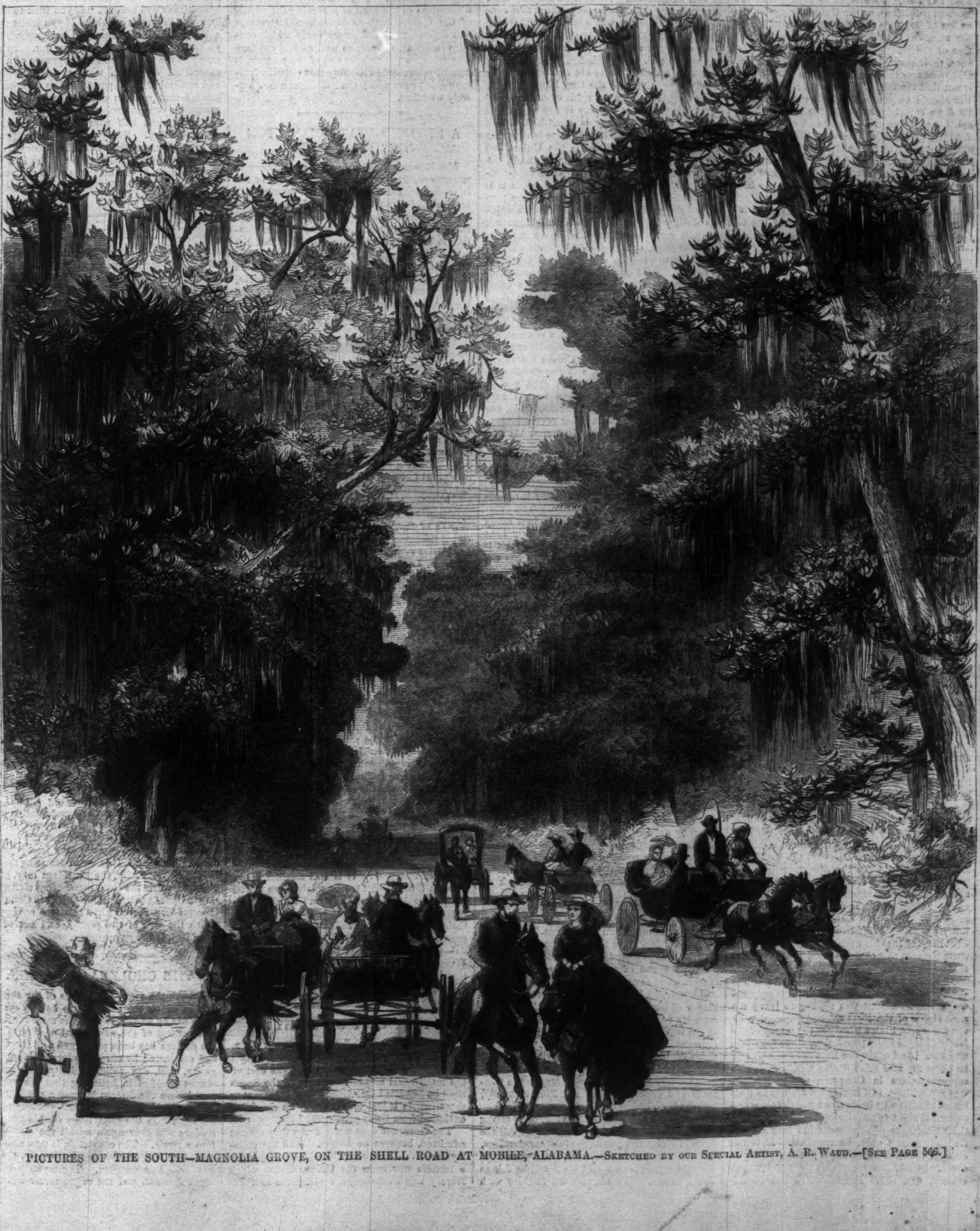

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—MAGNOLIA GROVE, ON THE SHELL ROAD AT MOBILE, ALABAMA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1866.

THE TRUE ISSUE.

A FRIEND writes as follows: "My views of the riot itself in New Orleans do not differ from yours. There is no apology for the action of the citizens and police. But I believe that the persistence of Radical politicians in the North in holding fast to the issue of 1860–61 instead of that of 1865–66, and in continuing the animosities of the past (which ought now to be buried) has tended to keep alive in the secessionists *their* prejudices and animosities. It seems to me that the situation in the South is far worse than it would have been if JOHNSON'S conciliatory policy had been carried out without interruption."

If our friend be correct in saying that the Radical politicians, or the Union party—for the action of Congress is undoubtedly sustained by the numerical strength and most vital conviction of the party—are still clinging to old issues, their doom is sealed and it ought to be. But what was the issue left by the war? Was it not that the fair and legitimate results of the war should be secured? This was, and is, to be done certainly in no hostile and offensive spirit, but it was to be firmly and surely done. And what were those results? Were they not, since the war had left no slaves, the civil equality of all citizens of the United States and the equable adjustment of the basis of national representation which the measures of the war had deranged so as to leave it unjust to the loyal States? If these were not the legitimate issues, what were? And if these could not be urged upon the late insurgent States, what could be? If we could do any thing, could we not do this, and if we could do nothing, was not the President's action wholly unwarranted and censurable?

When the rebel armies surrendered, the exact status of the rebel States in 1860 was either restored in every particular, or it could be restored only by an authority external to them. If by the fact of surrender of arms those States instantly resumed every right they had previously enjoyed, the first and most fundamental was that of internal reorganization at their pleasure. But this was not allowed by the President nor by the sentiment of the country, nor could it be. The country would have been imperiled upon a theory, "a pernicious abstraction." The saving spirit of the Constitution would have been sacrificed to an apparent letter. The situation was one of those extraordinary exigencies which seldom occur in the history of nations, but when they do arise are to be met and directed by that instinctive wisdom called common sense acting from the necessity of the case. The President so acted, and with the approval of the country. He acted without consulting Congress, but with the express assurance upon his part that his action was an experiment the results of which were to be estimated and finally sanctioned by the nation in Congress.

The principle was thus established as the basis of reconstruction, that the late rebel States were *not* restored to their old relation in the Union by the fact of surrender, but by the acceptance of conditions imposed by the National Government. In other words, the resumption of equal constitutional rights was made dependent upon the national will. This was the President's own principle; and the only remaining question was, what the national will should require. At that point the President and Congress parted. Foreseeing the difference and the consequent distraction, Mr. SUMNER, Mr. STEVENS, and other vehement orators foolishly shot bitter gibes at the President, who retorted by fierce accusations which were simply outbursts of illogical folly. If Mr. SUMNER were a traitor, so was the President. If Mr. STEVENS were a rebel, so was the President. If Congress were revolutionary, the President was not less so. For the difference between the President and Congress, despite his assumptions and asseverations, was not a constitutional difference. It was merely one of expediency. Both held that conditions might be imposed. The difference was that the President insisted that his were sufficient, while Congress thought that to make them effective something more must be added.

If, therefore, the Congressional policy is less conciliatory than the Presidential it is only because the President was willing to leave the civil rights of the loyal colored population of the insurgent States wholly at the mercy of the lately disloyal white population, while Congress was not. And again the President was willing to allow the late rebel States a gain of twelve representatives in Congress, while Congress was not willing. Of course we are not so foolish as to urge that because we had the clear and conceded right to require equal civil rights and the adjustment of representation they should, for that reason only, be required. It is not enough that the right exists; it must be also expedient and necessary that the right be exercised, and these conditions should be demanded because they are essential to peaceful reunion. Now these, it seems to us, were the fair and legitimate results which the war had given the Government—not merely the suppression of an armed rebellion, but the adjustment of the political relations which the war had essentially and unjustly to the loyal States deranged. These surely are not the issues of 1860–61, but of the autumn of 1866.

We suspect that it is really not with the policy of the Union party, but with the rhetoric and arguments by which it is sometimes supported, that our friend quarrels. He reads of slavery and slaveholders, and rebels and treason, when, as he would say, they are words of the past, and needlessly exasperating. Party rhetoric of any side we shall not undertake to defend. We have certainly not spared in these columns what we have considered the rhetorical excesses and follies of our friends. But these words are used to express a certain spirit and tendency in our politics which are perfectly well understood. No one, we are very sure, knows better than our correspondent that convictions and systems, which are deep and strong enough to be defended by such a war as we have seen, are not destroyed because the war is unsuccessful. They change their form and renew their activity, and are outworn only by steady opposition and the long lapse of time. The struggle between the spirit of caste and of equal rights in this country is not at an end because chattel slavery is abolished. The States in which the feeling of caste is strongest will resume their relations in the Union, and the contest will continue. But is it unfair, unmanly, unconciliatory, to ask that no unjust advantage shall be conceded to them while it is yet possible to withhold it? It suits the purpose of the partisans of the vital injustice which has disfigured our history and disgraced our national name to accuse the Union party of vindictiveness, of a lack of Christian charity, of a wish to degrade and humiliate brethren, of cherishing old quarrels, and of a revolutionary exclusion from Congress of States equal under the Constitution. This also is mere rhetorical fury. To ask of States which have renounced by war their constitutional fidelity to the Union, and which, by common consent, are to resume them only upon fair conditions, that the equal civil rights of all United States citizens shall be maintained, and that the Constitutional basis of representation shall not be prejudicial to States that have been always faithful, is not vindictive, nor uncharitable, nor degrading, nor humiliating, nor revolutionary, nor even extravagant. It is reasonable and generous.

"SATRAPS AND DEPENDENTS."

THE loudest asseveration of virtue is not always the best proof of its existence. The President loses no chance of telling us how much power he has refused, and how bitterly bent upon despotism Congress is. This at least is amusing from a chief magistrate who has not only assumed to settle every question without consulting the people, but sneers at their representatives as a body "assuming to be Congress." Yet, not content with abolishing Congress, the President evidently considers all the other officers of the Government his personal agents; and by way of illustrating his self-denial and abhorrence of power he actually announces that, if he had chosen to use the machinery of the Freedman's Bureau and Civil Rights bills, he might have proclaimed himself Dictator! Certainly, any man can be a perjurer if he chooses, but what are we to think of a man who prides himself upon not being one? The President knows, as well as every body else, that the office-holders and "the fifty or sixty millions of appropriation" would not have availed his Dictatorship a single day, and he knows perfectly well, and every body knows that he knows, that if his vetoes deprived him of the power of appointing certain office-holders, they gave him the solid vote of all in the Southern States who supported the late rebellion, a number considerably greater than any number of agents of the bills in question.

But the important point in this remark of the President's is, that he speaks of the officers who, by an act of Congress, are to be appointed upon his nomination, as "*My* satraps and dependents in every town and village." This little remark shows how truly Postmaster-General RANDALL interpreted the Presidential theory when he spoke of the various officers of the Government as "eating the President's bread and butter." We all know, of course, that the theory of honesty, intelligence, patriotism, and capacity being qualifications for the discharge of the myriad minor official duties of the Government, was long since exploded by the famous declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils." But that Postmasters, Custom-house officers, and Revenue agents are the "satraps and dependents" of the President only, had not been before so plainly announced.

This being the President's view, he is acting upon it vigorously. The country has felt the force of Executive patronage in other elections, but the war has so enormously increased the number of offices that this force will be felt as never before. Those who are familiar with politicians in their own neighborhoods will have remarked that the enthusiasm for the Philadelphia Convention outside of the Democratic lines appeared only among the "satraps and dependents." So that it is clear, if the President plumes himself on not making himself Dictator by their aid, he does not scorn their assistance in making his hostility to Congress effective.

The perilous evil of the vast Executive patronage in this country is becoming constantly more apparent. The demoralization of the public mind is almost inevitable when the bread and butter of thousands and thousands of citizens depend upon the whim of one man; and every official agent of the Government becomes an interested propagandist of his master's views. The corruption is necessarily such that the very nature of the Government is changed. It ceases to represent public opinion; and a policy which the conscience and sense of the country condemn may deceitfully prevail by means of that corruption, until the difficulty is beyond peaceful remedy. The late war was a terrible illustration of the peril of regarding the agents of the Government as Presidential "satraps and dependents," and every party which confides in honest debate, as well as every citizen who desires a pacific progress of the country, is equally interested in limiting that virtually irresponsible power which the President is now actively wielding.

A RETIRED STATESMAN UPON THE PRESIDENT.

MR. ROBERT C. WINTHROP is a statesman in retirement, like Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE in his later days. But occasionally he comes forth for the public good. Thus in the autumn of 1864 he came all the way to New York to stand side by side with that sterling patriot Mr. FERNANDO WOOD, and to urge with him that the salvation of the country lay in the direction of Mr. VALLANDIGHAM'S Chicago platform and the election of General M'CLELLAN. Thus, again, in these stirring times Mr. WINTHROP has seized his pen, and covertly and ingeniously, but none the less severely, censures the conduct of the President.

Mr. WINTHROP writes that he agrees with Judge CURTIS "that the Southern States are now as rightfully, and should be as effectually, in the Union as they were before the madness of their people attempted to carry them out." And adds, that he "hopes the people may be aroused to the danger of allowing the Constitution of the United States to be longer the subject of partial or discretionary observance on the part of those who are sworn to support it." This is a terrible blow at the President, who plays fast and loose with the Constitution at his pleasure, and who without a shadow of Constitutional authority, if his own constant assertion be true, interferes with Governor WELLS of Louisiana as if he were his provisional lieutenant. Mr. WINTHROP, in his contemplative retirement, sees clearly that if, as he declares, Louisiana is as much in the Union as his own State, the President may as lawfully dispense with the services of Mr. BULLOCK as Governor of Massachusetts as call Governor WELLS to account, or peremptorily supersede him. Mr. WINTHROP wisely entreats the people to perceive the peril of such acts.

Again Mr. WINTHROP startles the country by declaring that he is in danger of despair if "there should fail to be exhibited at Washington something of that scrupulous adherence to the Constitution and the laws which characterized the earlier days of the Republic." This is another broadside full at the President, although, with all the sagacity of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE calmly cultivating his cabbages, no names are mentioned. For we all know, as Mr. WINTHROP insinuates, whether in those earlier days it was the custom for the President to call to account those whom he acknowledged to be the lawful Governors of States for peaceful State acts, performed by State authority, within State limits. Moreover, Mr. WINTHROP condemns State action "under duress," in the plain daylight of the President's reconstructive action of last year. It is still another heavy blow at the President, who might have hoped that, since Mr. PENDLETON and Mr. VALLANDIGHAM now commend him, Mr. WINTHROP, their fellow-laborer in 1864, would at least not censure him.

—Or, indeed, can it be possible that Mr. WINTHROP is a statesman so deep in retirement that he supposes his letter to be an argument in support of the President?

"IS IT JUST OR RIGHT?"

"FELLOW-CITIZENS," says Governor ORR, "we have been knocking at the door for eight long months, asking Congress that the best of the intellectual and leading men of the South shall be admitted into Congress to represent us there.......Is it just or right that we should be excluded from these privileges?"

The Governor does not ask why they are not admitted, because he knows. And the country knows. It is simply because having made a terrible war upon the Union, during which slavery was abolished, the victorious Government asks that Governor ORR and his friends shall not insist that in consequence of that war and the consequent emancipation they shall have a disproportioned increase of power in the Union. While the colored population of the South were slaves the eleven rebel States were entitled to *eighteen* representatives. Now that they are free the same population is a basis of *thirty* representatives. Governor ORR and his friends claim that having made a bloody and fearful and utterly causeless rebellion, to suppress which has cost the Government countless lives and unspeakable suffering and hundreds of millions of dollars, they shall have gained exactly *twelve* votes in Congress. Congress replies that it asks only that the Governor and his friends shall stand upon an equal footing with the States that did not rebel, and Governor ORR turns with a fine tragedy air and asks his fellow-citizens, "Is this fair? Is it just? Ought we to be taxed without representation?"

The Governor may be very sure that his fellow-citizens will answer, "If you wish to come in, come in on the square. If you insist upon a disproportion of power, you have nobody but yourselves to thank if you stay out. In any case you *are* to be taxed for expenses of a war contracted when you were not represented; and remember while you appeal to us upon the ground that you are governed without representation, you yourselves insist upon governing more than half your population without representation. Every word of your appeal to us convicts yourselves, your Excellency."

Governor ORR will perceive, if he is a diligent student of the elections, that the people of this country have learned the difference between words and things.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER.

IN his speech, upon taking the chair at Philadelphia, General DIX said: "The President, not in pursuance of any constitutional power, had called on the Confederate States to accept conditions for their admission to the exercise of their legitimate functions as members of the Union." General DIX applauds and justifies this proceeding. But is it not clear that if the necessity of the case compelled and authorized the requirement of conditions, Congress can not be denounced as treasonable and unconstitutional because it demands that the conditions shall be adequate to secure the proposed end? Moreover, if conditions are to be named, should it be done by the President alone or by the immediate representatives of the people? Or, if the President acts in his capacity of Commander-in-Chief, can his authority as a military commander be fairly construed to cover the final settlement of the political questions springing from a civil war?

General DIX added: "The exaction of new conditions is unjust and a violation of the faith of the Government." Is then the President the Government? Does his opinion upon a subject where, as General DIX concedes, he has no constitutional authority, engage the faith of the United States Government? If the President had said that the rebel States upon laying down their arms might be represented, without revoking the acts of secession, or accepting the Emancipation Amendment, or disavowing their war debt, would the honor of the United States have been pledged to those conditions? Would the country have been barred from requiring others?

General DIX affirms that "when the President of the United States declared that armed resistance to the authority of the Union was over, all the States had a right to representation in Congress." That is a perilous interpretation of the scope of the Executive power. It is again denying to the country the right of obtaining reasonable securities for the peace of the Union. It is again saying that if the President had issued such a proclamation upon JOHNSON'S surrender to SHERMAN Congress could not have interfered, and that the country would have had no remedy save impeachment of the President. It is again asserting that, in his military capacity, the President may, at his pleasure, settle the most momentous civil questions without consulting the people in Congress. General DIX forgets that this is a country in which the will of the people, and not of the President, is the government.

THE CHOLERA CAMPAIGN.

AMONG the many campaigns of the summer that in which the country has had so grave a stake has by no means been the most regarded. The contest of the new Board of Health with the cholera has been prolonged and incessant, and conducted by our defenders with such sagacity, skill, and patient fidelity, that we are almost justified in believing that the worst is past before the disease became a pestilence or even an epidemic. Indeed it is hardly probable that, with the experience of this year, the cholera will ever again appall the community into a panic. The conviction is now universal that, with proper and seasonable care, the disease may be controlled. The mystery has become familiar, and the vague terror which always accompanies such mystery has disappeared. The campaign of the Board of Health against the cholera has been like that of Prussia against Austria. It is a triumph.

Yet there was never a body of public benefactors more fiercely denounced than the Board of Health. If President **Schultz** and his associates had conspired against the health and order of the city they could not hardly have been more vehemently opposed. Meetings, resolutions, protests, and injunctions have been the barricades erected in their path by the interest of cholera. Delays were forced upon them, and every kind of resistance offered. But they have pertinaciously pushed on. For the first time in a generation the city, in one department at least, has felt the influence of a moral force; and we have all seen what good results are possible even in New York. The wisdom of the legislation which created the Board is justified, as it is constantly in the case of the Metropolitan Police.

If it be true that the Commissioners have selected the West Bank in the Lower Bay as a site for the Quarantine hospitals, we hope there will be no delay in the erection of the buildings. That the city has been spared the ravages of a pestilence is certainly not due to the foresight and vigilance of the Quarantine Commissioners. The health of New York is due to the intelligent care of the Board of Health.

THE PUBLIC FINANCES.

It is amazing that the people who administer our public finances should so persistently provoke criticism. They have every thing in their favor. The price of public securities rises steadily. The European demand develops day by day. Money flows into the exchequer at a rate which surpasses the most sanguine hopes of the Secretary. Last year, instead of a deficit of $112,000,000 as anticipated in the Treasury Report, the Secretary had a surplus of $125,000,000. This year, 1866–67, the prospects are that a still larger sum will be available for the reduction of the public debt. Surely if ever men had an easy task, and a task which promised triumph and fame to those who had it to perform, that is the task which has devolved upon the managers of our public finances. Yet somehow matters are so managed that the public never cease to growl.

We pass over, as by-gones, the gold sales; Mr. **Van Dyck** has sold no more gold, and the growlers have no excuse for fresh complaints on this head. But why are the temporary deposits being paid off in National bank notes instead of legal tenders? Mr. **M'Culloch** must be perfectly well aware that his checks—Government checks, duly certified—are being hawked about the streets of New York @ $\frac{1}{8}$ of 1 per cent. discount. The banks will not receive them on deposit as money, for the simple reason that it takes from 3 to 15 days to convert them into legal tender, which is the only medium used for exchanges between the Associated banks of New York. And the honest folk who deposited legal tenders with Government on the pledge that they would be repaid on demand, are now forced to content themselves with payment in a currency that is not bankable, and which can only be sold at a discount of one-eighth per cent. Is this fair? Is it business-like? Is it calculated to help the public credit? Is it just to the people who deposited their money with Government on the tacit understanding that they should receive as good as they gave? If **Jones**, the dry-goods dealer, behaved in this way toward **Smith** the banker, would not **Smith** and all **Smith's** friends pronounce him a tricky fellow—to be strictly avoided hereafter? And is not the Treasury Department subject to the same laws as individuals?

Precedent is not wanting for the proceeding. In 1861 the Sub-Treasurer at New York borrowed money of individuals on call. The lenders deposited Treasury Notes, which, at the time of their issue, and throughout their existence, were held to be equivalent to specie. Yet when these lenders asked for their money the Sub-Treasurer tendered payment in new United States notes, then at a discount of 20 @ 30 per cent., and denounced fiercely the suffering innocents who besought him to return them their money in the kind of currency in which they had lent it to Government. There is nothing new under the sun.

Another brilliant example. A New York merchant received from a correspondent residing abroad a draft on the United States for a trifling sum—let us say $87 50. He indorsed the draft, and sent it to the Sub-Treasury for collection. Being drawn abroad he might have considered it a specie draft, as such a draft drawn by any foreign merchant on his New York correspondent would have been so considered. The New York Assistant Treasurer at once pronounced it a currency draft, and paid it—*in a check on the Postmaster at Newark, N. J.* No such check, of course, was bankable; the merchant was obliged to send a clerk to Newark to collect the check, which took a whole day. How would a merchant's credit stand who so conducted his business?

We alluded in a recent Number to private negotiations between the United States Government and the New York house of **Jay Cooke** & Co., by which the latter obtained fat commissions for services which other houses would have been glad to get at one-third the money. Our remarks appear to have proved distasteful in certain quarters; we have noticed in Pennsylvania papers about a score of articles—to say nothing of private letters—assailing us, and setting forth in vermilion characters the virtue, and purity, and wealth of the house in question. In reply, we have simply to say that we admit the great services rendered to the country by **Jay Cooke** during the rebellion. He was one of the few men who foresaw the end of the war. He was one of the very few men who believed in our finances. And he was the only man, to the best of our knowledge and belief, who could have floated the loans which the nation required. For all this the country owed him a reward. But has he not got it? Has he not received five, ten—nay—if some Pennsylvanians are to be believed—fifteen million dollars by way of commissions? Is not this enough? Are we—who admire and respect **Jay Cooke** as a loyal and masterly man—to be accused of abusing him because we hint that, having drawn five or ten or fifteen millions from the public purse for his great services, the time has at length come when the Government business may fairly be thrown open to public competition, and there is no longer any necessity for reserving it as a private monopoly in the house of **Jay Cooke** & Co.? We repeat—what we said a month ago—there is no excuse for giving to any house, however loyal and eminent, a monopoly of the exchanges which the Government requires to effect in its securities; and if Mr. **M'Culloch** persists in throwing those fat spoils into any single purse, he must expect that his opponents will make a handle of it at the fall elections, and that he and his subordinates will be charged by not a few of the baser and more reckless partisan journals with participating in the profits which he gratuitously awards to the fortunate house.

Our financial history is just commencing. Until the war began it was so simple that any smart grocery clerk might have managed the public finances. The war developed new necessities, which called forth financial expedients of more or less value—but none of which, in the severe pressure of the times, could be fairly judged. Peace restored, there is time to manage matters more carefully, and to adjust our financial policy to the fundamental laws of political economy. A very few principles should serve as the basis of our financial administration. In the first place, the Government must keep its word. It must not repudiate its debts, either in whole or in part, in the manner or in the form or in the time of payment. Where ambiguity exists in the law, it should follow the example of high-minded merchants, and adopt the construction adverse to itself. This is the way to command high credit. And as all high-minded merchants are careful to check the zeal of clerks who would gain undue advantage for their employers by sharp practices, so Government ought never to suffer its employés to perpetrate such small frauds on its creditors as the one above-described in the case of the merchant who was paid in a check on the Newark Postmaster. Such petty tricks do not save the country a dollar, but discredit the Department to the extent of thousands. And there should no longer be any favoritism, or devotion to pet bankers. Sound business principles dictate dealing with those who will do the business best and at the lowest rates, no matter what their political principles may be. If Government proposes to exchange Seven-Thirty notes for Five-Twenty bonds, and does not intend to effect the exchange through its salaried agents, it should offer the business to public competition—just as the State and City of New York do under the like circumstances. To confine its patronage to one or two houses, by reason of their services during the war, is just as unreasonable as it would be for the War or Navy Department to refuse to receive tenders for supplies from houses which did not rally to the support of the Administration in the old dark days. Sentiment is a fine thing; but if the Secretary of the Treasury wishes to afford no handle for abuse to his opponents at the fall elections he will deal with the bankers of the United States on simple business principles; and if Copperheads offer to do his work $\frac{1}{64}$ per cent. cheaper than loyal Union men he will give his orders to the former. This may be aggravating to some intense loyalists, but it will pay.

THE NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE.

The publication of the official dispatch in relation to the massacre in New Orleans on July 30, furnishes corroboration of the views which we have previously expressed in this paper. We find that the dispatch written by **Sheridan** to **Grant** on August 3 was not originally published as it was written. The following important sentence was left out: "*In the mean time, official duty called me to Texas, and the Mayor of the city, during my absence, suppressed the Convention by the use of their police force, and in so doing attacked the members of the Convention and a party of two hundred negroes, and with fire-arms, clubs, and knives, in a manner so unnecessary and atrocious as to compel me to say that it was murder.*"

This judgment of General **Sheridan** coincides exactly with our own, after a careful reading of all the reports given of the riot, and before this entire dispatch was permitted to see the light. The following is the report recently made by General **Sheridan** to the President in reply to the inquiries addressed to him by the latter:

> *His Excellency* **Andrew Johnson**, *President of the United States:* I have the honor to make the following reply to your dispatch of August 4. A very large number of colored people marched in procession on Friday night, July 27, and were addressed from the steps of the City Hall by Dr. **Dostie**, Ex-Governor **Hahn**, and others. The speech of **Dostie** was intemperate in language and sentiment. The speeches of the others, as far as I can learn, were characterized by moderation. I have not given you the words of **Dostie's** speech, as the version published was denied, but from what I have learned of the man I believe they were intemperate. The Convention assembled at 12 M., on the 30th, the timid members absenting themselves because the tone of the general public was ominous of trouble.
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> I think there were but about 26 members present. In front of the Mechanics' Institute, when the meeting was held, there was assembled some colored men, women, and children, perhaps 18 or 20, and in the Institute a number of colored men, probably 150. Among those outside and inside there might have been a pistol in the possession of every tenth man. About 1 P.M., a procession of say from 60 to 130 colored men marched up Burgundy Street and across Canal Street, toward the Convention, carrying an American flag.
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> These men had about one pistol to every ten men, and canes and clubs in addition. While crossing Canal Street, a row occurred. There were many spectators on the streets, and their manner and tone toward the procession unfriendly. A shot was fired, by whom I am not able to state, but believe it to have been by a policeman or some colored man in the procession; this led to other shots and a rush after the procession.
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> On arrival at the front of the Institute there was some throwing of brick-bats by both sides. The police, who had been held well in hand, were vigorously marched to the scene of disorder. The procession entered the Institute with the flag, about six or eight remaining outside. A row occurred between a policeman and one of the colored men, and a shot was again fired by one of the parties, which led to an indiscriminate fire on the building through the windows by the policemen.
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> This had been going on for a short time, when a white flag was displayed from the window of the Institute; whereupon the firing ceased, and the police rushed into the building. From the testimony of wounded men and others who were inside the building, the policemen opened an indiscriminate fire upon the audience until they had emptied their revolvers, when they retired, and those inside barricaded the doors.
>
> The door was broken in and the firing again commenced, when many of the colored and white people either escaped through the door or were passed through the door or were passed out by the policemen inside, but as thy came out the policemen who formed the circle nearest the building fired upon them, and they were again fired upon by the citizens that formed the outer circle.
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> Many of those wounded and taken prisoners, and others who were prisoners and not wounded, were fired upon by their captors and by citizens. The wounded men were stabbed while lying on the ground, and their heads beaten with brick-bats. In the yard of the building, whither some of the colored men had escaped and partially secreted themselves, they were fired upon and killed or wounded by policemen; some men were killed and wounded several squares from the scene. Members of the Convention were wounded by the policemen while in their hands as prisoners, some of them mortally.
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> The immediate cause of this terrible affair was the assembling of this Convention. The remote cause was the bitter and antagonistic feeling which has been growing in this community since the advent of the present Mayor, who, in the organization of his police force, selected many desperate men, and some of them known murderers.
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> People of clear views were overawed by want of confidence in the Mayor and fear of the "Thugs," many of whom he had selected for his police force. I have frequently been applied to by prominent citizens on this subject, and have heard them express fear and want of confidence in Mayor **Munroe** ever since the intimation of this last Convention. I must condemn the course of several of the city papers for supporting by their articles the bitter feeling of bad men. As to the merciless manner in which the Convention was broken up, I feel obliged to confess a strong repugnance.
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> It is useless to attempt to disguise the hostility that exists on the part of a great many here toward Northern men: and this unfortunate affair has so precipitated matters that there is now a test of what shall be the status of Northern men—whether they can live here without being in constant dread or not; whether they can be protected in life and property, and have justice in the courts.
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> If the matter is permitted to pass over without a thorough and determined prosecution of those engaged in it, we may look for frequent scenes of the same kind, not only here, but in other places.
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> No steps have as yet been taken by the civil authorities to arrest citizens who were engaged in this massacre, or policemen who perpetrated such cruelties. The members of the Convention have been indicted by the Grand Jury, and many of them arrested and held to bail. As to whether the civil authorities can mete out ample justice to the guilty parties on both sides I must say it is my opinion unequivocally that they can not. Judge **Abell**, whose course I have closely watched for nearly a year, I now consider one of the most dangerous men that we have here to peace and quiet of the city.
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> The leading men of the Convention, **King**, **Cutler**, **Hahn**, and others, have been political agitators, and are bad men. I regret to say that the course of Governor **Wells** has been vacillating, and that during the late trouble he has shown very little of the man.
>
> P. H. **Sheridan**, Major-General Commanding.

We have no comments to make. Mr. **Nast's** picture, on another page, speaks for itself, and its whole meaning is borne out by the published official dispatches. The inquiry there put, Which was the more illegal? every one of our readers will answer for himself. Admit that the Convention was all that General **Sheridan** says it was, and that his denunciation of its leaders is perfectly just, still the question recurs, Was it more illegal that such a body of men should meet together and deliberate regarding a change in the Constitution of Louisiana than that a mob, assisted by the police of New Orleans, should be let loose like a party of bloodhounds against the Conventionists, to hunt them down and murder them at their will? It remains to be seen whether these murderers will be allowed to escape without suffering the just penalty for their crimes.

One thing is certain. The people of the South, in order to convince us of the sincerity of their allegiance to the Constitution and the laws of the nation, must take some other method than this of murdering, on the slightest pretext, citizens of the United States. The American people have a pretty well settled conviction as to this matter, and will make its voice heard in every city and hamlet in the South in terms which can not be evaded or misunderstood. That Government is worthless which is incompetent to perform its first great function—the protection of its citizens. We have had enough of this wholesale system of murder—enough of this suppression of the right of free speech. The same spirit which made the New Orleans massacre a possibility existed before the war, and the Government looked on in silence. Since the war this spirit has revived again, and in a more formidable shape than before. How to meet it is one of the practical questions of reconstruction.

MEDICAL EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

THE UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE.

Our readers will remember that the University Medical College was destroyed by fire last spring at the time the Academy of Music was burned. The season is now approaching for the reopening of the Medical Schools, and we are glad to find that this institution is in readiness, notwithstanding its losses by that accident, to go on with even greater facilities and privileges for its students than ever heretofore.

It has been removed to the New York City Hospital, the Governors of which, with their accustomed liberality, have assigned to it the use of one of their large buildings. In this, during the summer, the various lecture-rooms, laboratory, anatomical-room, museums, etc., have been prepared.

The circular recently published shows very significantly the favor in which the University of New York is held by the medical profession. We find that it has educated more than 8000 students, from every State of the Union and from many foreign countries. It deserves the patronage of the City of New York, for it first turned the tide of medical education to our metropolis, at a time when not more than fifty students annually resorted here. Now they congregate by more than 1000. It accomplished this by instituting what are termed *Clinics*—that is, bringing patients into the College lecture-rooms before the students. This was first done by the late venerable Dr. **Mott**, who was one of the founders of this institution, for many years its President, and died in its service. Among other great improvements in medical education it extended the course of instruction throughout the year, the term in other colleges being only four months long.

The energy that has been shown under the recent disaster will commend it to patronage every where. During the summer not a lecture or clinic was lost. The duties literally went on while the old building continued to burn. Such enterprise will doubtless be no small recommendation in its behalf to students now flocking to the city, who will find its means of instruction, both theoretical and practical, unsurpassed by any institution in our country. Its management still continues in the able hands of Professor **Draper**, who is so well known in the medical and scientific world.

A student who has been educated in such an institution as this, where the University and the Hospital are together, obtains the practical with the theoretical, and is fitted to enter on the practice of medicine as soon as he graduates.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

The report of deaths in this city and the public institutions for the week ending August 25 showed a most gratifying state of the public health. The total number of deaths was 714, being a decrease of 34 from the number reported the previous week. The number of deaths from cholera was 114, of which 46 took place in the city and 68 in the public institutions. The decrease in the total number of deaths from cholera during the week, from that of the previous one, was 31.

Dean Richmond died at two o'clock A.M., August 28.

General Hooker has gone to Detroit to take command of the "Department of the Lakes." He relieves General Ord.

Judge Charles A. Dewey, the oldest judge of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, died on August 22. He has been on the bench since 1837, and was appointed by Governor Edward Everett.

United States Senator Grimes, of Iowa, announces his determination to retire from public life.

Professor Paul A. Chadbourne, of Williams College, has been chosen President of the Wisconsin State University.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAM.

August 21:

General La Marmora has resigned as chief of staff to the King, and is succeeded by General Cialdini.

August 22:

It is said that the Empress of Mexico has failed in her mission, Napoleon having, it is understood, refused to grant the assistance of the French troops, prior to their evacuation of Mexico, to quell the insurgents.

Governor Eyre was received enthusiastically at Southampton on the 21st inst. At a large opposition meeting resolutions were passed condemning his course in Jamaica.

August 23:

The Turks have commenced hostilities against the Christians in Candia. The insurgents, 25,000 strong, hold important positions.

King Victor Emanuel has issued a decree, proclaiming an amnesty to political exiles and prisoners throughout Italy and his dominions. This decree includes Mazzini, as well as others of lesser prominence.

August 25:

Advices have been received to-day in official circles in London announcing that a treaty of peace between the contending Powers of Prussia, Italy, Austria, and Bavaria was concluded by the Plenipotentiaries in session at Prague on Thursday last. The Treaty was officially signed by the Plenipotentiaries on behalf of their respective Governments on the same day. Among the provisions of the treaty is one that the troops now at different points shall evacuate their positions and retire to their respective homes within three weeks.

The cession of Venetia to Italy is fully accomplished. Before the treaty of peace between Prussia, Austria, Italy, and Bavaria was signed, Austria freely and unreservedly ceded Venetia to Victor Emanuel.

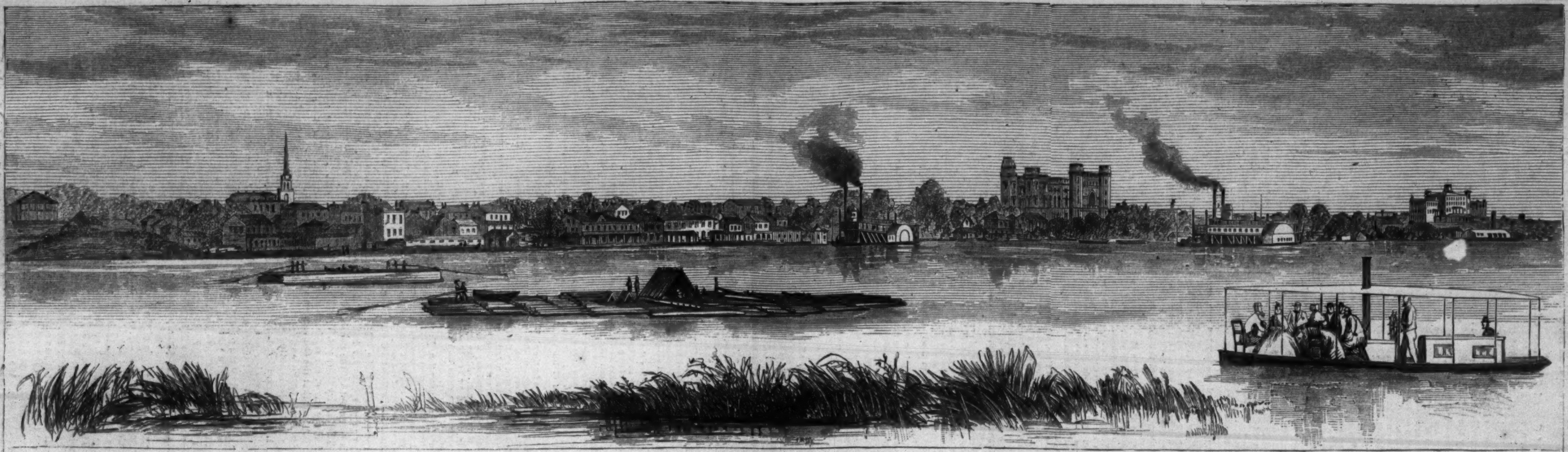
An immense demand has sprung up in Paris for United States Five-Twenties, and heavy orders for supplies have been telegraphed to American agents of various banking houses in this city.

Advices have been received to-day from Point de Galle, Island of Ceylon, via the Persian Gulf and Mediterranean cables, that a civil war has broken out in Japan.

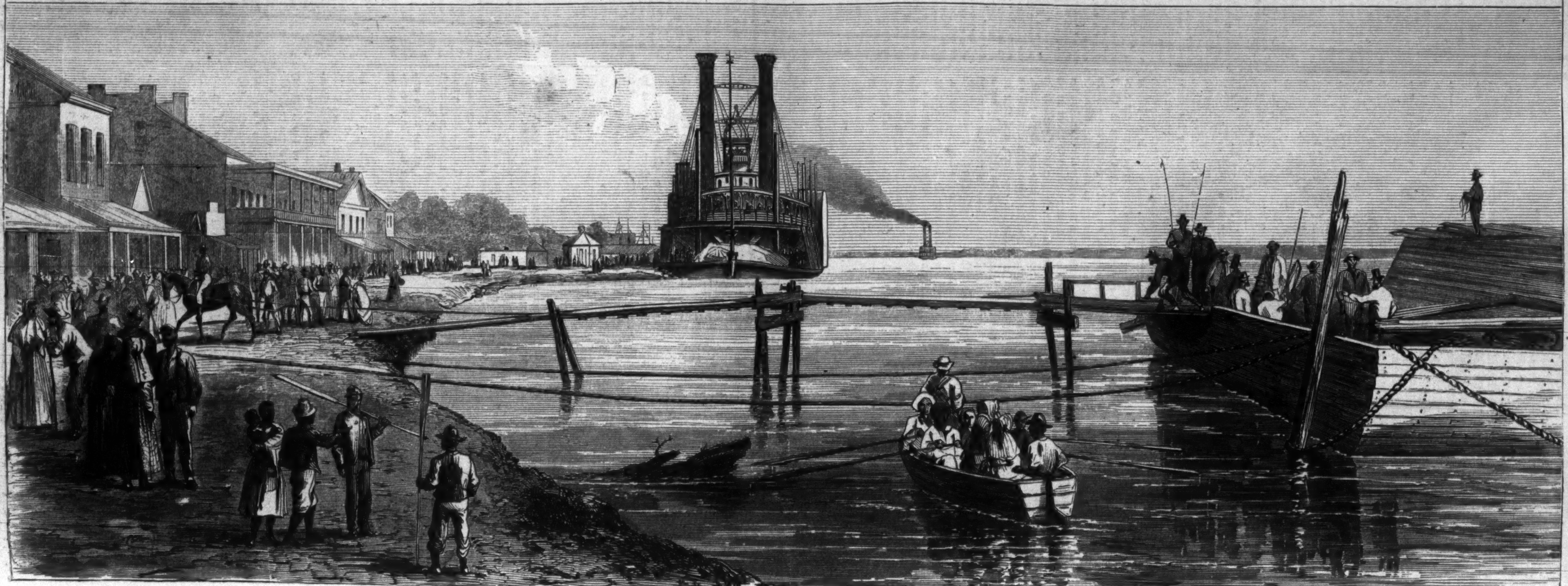
The Cunard steamship *Scotia*, Captain Judkins, sailed from Liverpool this noon for New York, via Queenstown. She has a large number of passengers, and takes £110,000 in specie on American account.

August 26:

The meeting of the National Imperial Party has resolved that Saxony ought to be incorporated with Prussia,



BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.



PICTURES OF THE SOUTH—BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—SCENE ON THE LEVEE; LANDING ICE, ETC.—SKETCHED BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

MATAMORAS.

We give on this page a very excellent and accurate view of Matamoras. This city is a river-port town of Tamaulipas, in Mexico, on the right bank of the Rio Bravo del Norte, forty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. Its port on the Gulf consists of two harbors—the Brazo del Santiago and the Boca del Rio, about nine miles apart, and both obstructed by bars impassable under the prevalence of strong winds. The relation of the city to Brownsville is apparent from our sketch.

The port of Matamoras is one of those which Maximilian, several weeks ago, declared under blockade. The proclamation enforcing a blockade was supported by no efficient naval force, and we are glad to see that President Johnson has declared this blockade, so far as the United States are concerned, "absolutely null and void." President Johnson's proclamation is the most popular act of his administration. It says virtually to the pseudo-Emperor: "You have undertaken under foreign auspices to manage Mexican affairs. We of the United States happen to have a more intimate concern in those affairs than any European nation *can* have. We have made the necessary arrangements to secure the withdrawal of the troops by which thus far you have succeeded in supporting a false position. Your temporary success has been a menace to republican institutions on this continent. In the mean time we shall not become a party to your scheme of foreign intervention by supporting or recognizing any mere paper blockade which you may think proper to institute. For the rest we shall wait, which we can well afford to do, while you can not."

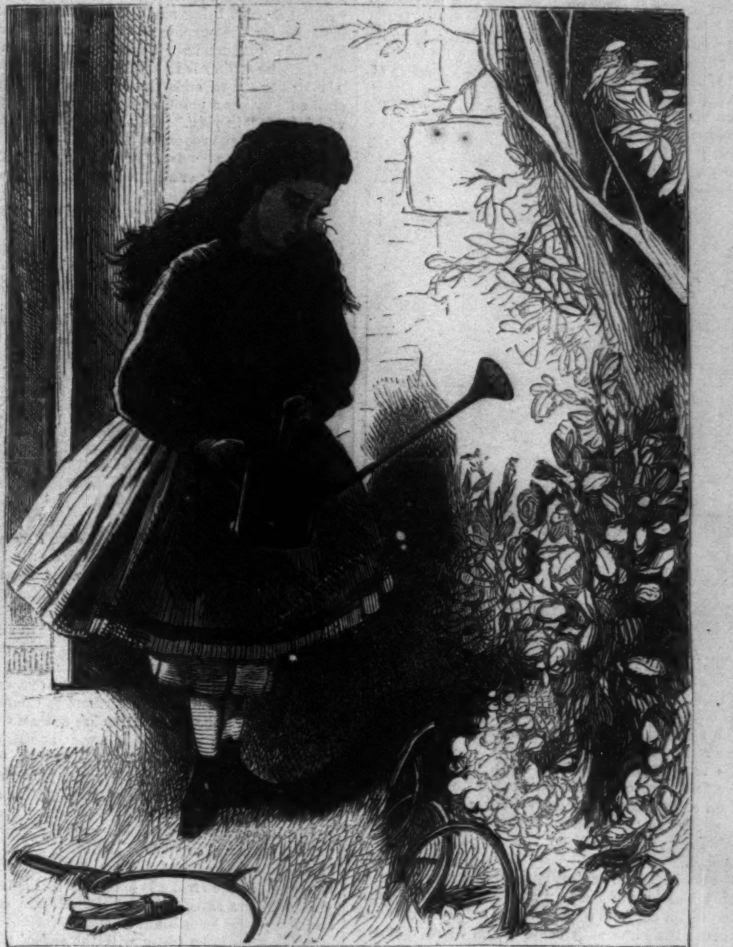
[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1866, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

THE THREE LITTLE SPADES.

By MISS ANNA WARNER,
Author of "Dollars and Cents," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

And so the beautiful work went on. Oh, what an amount of care was bestowed upon the three boxes!—how they were set in the sunshine, and then moved away if the sunshine seemed to be *too* hot! and the panes of glass were raised a little to let in air in the middle of the day, and closed again before night, so as to keep in the warmth till morning. And it was no trifle, as Lily remarked, "to lug the boxes about; and it needed judgment to tell just when they should be aired; and then there were cloudy days, and cold days, and warm days, and all sorts of days to puzzle the children, and keep their thoughts at work. Sometimes when it rained and was very cloudy and cold, you might see the three boxes paraded in front of the fire to get dry and warm; and then, with a sudden fear of some dangerous degree of heat, back they went to the window again; so that, as Prim said, there was more gardening to do in bad weather than in fine. But the fair days brought plenty of work too; and by degrees Sam dug up all the three little gardens, and got them in beautiful condition, only as the ground thus newly turned up was very damp and cold, he advised the children to wait a little before they sowed any seeds in it, and let the sun try his warming power for a few days first.



"If the ground is too cold when the seeds are put in," said Sam, "they will as like as not mould and come to nothing; and then you will wait and wait, and have no plants after all. But if you wait while the seeds are safe in your pocket, then there'll be something to reward your patience."

"Well, I should think these seeds in the boxes must be dry enough," said Lily. "I expect *they* will die *that* way."

"Let me see," said Sam, taking off the glasses. "They're doing well enough—but they may have just a little water. Run up to my room, Prim, and fetch me that brush that lies on my table; and you, Lily, get me a cup of water."

"A cup of water!" said Lily. "How many flower-pots will that do any good to, I wonder?" But she brought it, and Sam went to work: the brush was a small painter's brush, quite new and clean.

"Is this cold water?" said Sam.

"Yes, it is," said Lily. "I suppose you don't want hot to scald 'em?"

"No, nor ice-cold to freeze them," said Sam. "I want it just about as warm as the air inside the boxes."

A little hot water from the kitchen made this all right, and then Sam dipped the brush into the cup, and drawing it skillfully through his hand, he sent down the warm drops upon the flower-pots in a shower almost as fine as dew.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Clover. "I wonder if I could do that?"

"It's finer than the rose of my watering-pot," said Primrose.

"Yes; no watering-pot is fine enough for this work. You see if the drops are too large they will just displace the little seeds; and if the young plants were up they would be beaten down and half drowned."

"But you give them so very little!" said Lily, as her brother closed the panes of the first box.

"A little at a time. Seeds mould very easily, and young plants 'damp off,' as the gardeners say—die of the wet, if they have too much of it."

"I wonder when there will be any young plants there!" said Lily. "It takes 'em a great while to grow."

"Yes, and I get so impatient watching 'em," said Primrose. "Oh, I wish mamma was here to tell us the rest of her story! that would divert my mind a little."

"Come here, poor little mind that wants diversion," said Mrs. May from her work-table, with a laugh. "You want me so much, Prim, that you can not see me when I come."

"Ah, but I can see you now," said Primrose, running to the table; "and I was looking at my boxes, you know. Now for Mrs. Grundy, mamma!"

Sam went off, muttering that Mrs. Grundy was no friend of his; and the rest gathered round Mrs. May, and she began:

"I said Mrs. Grundy had a great deal of power, but it all lay in doing mischief and in making slaves. That is the proper word, rather than prisoners—she took people captive, and then, setting a mark upon them, she left them free—to do her pleasure. Whatever she said they must believe; whatever she ordered they must do."

"What sort of a mark did she give 'em?" asked Primrose.

"A shackle upon all their life; a bit of a chain to carry that bound even their thoughts and opinions. And then, to amuse herself, she would issue the most ridiculous orders, sending them here and there by her waiting-maid, Miss La Mode, or her Secretary, R. I. De Cule. But whatever she ordered it was all the same to her captives—they never thought of resistance, but went where she bade them, and said what she said; and wore carrots or beetles on their heads, just according to her fancy."

"Beetles! why that's like Maria Jarvis's rose-bugs!" cried Primrose.

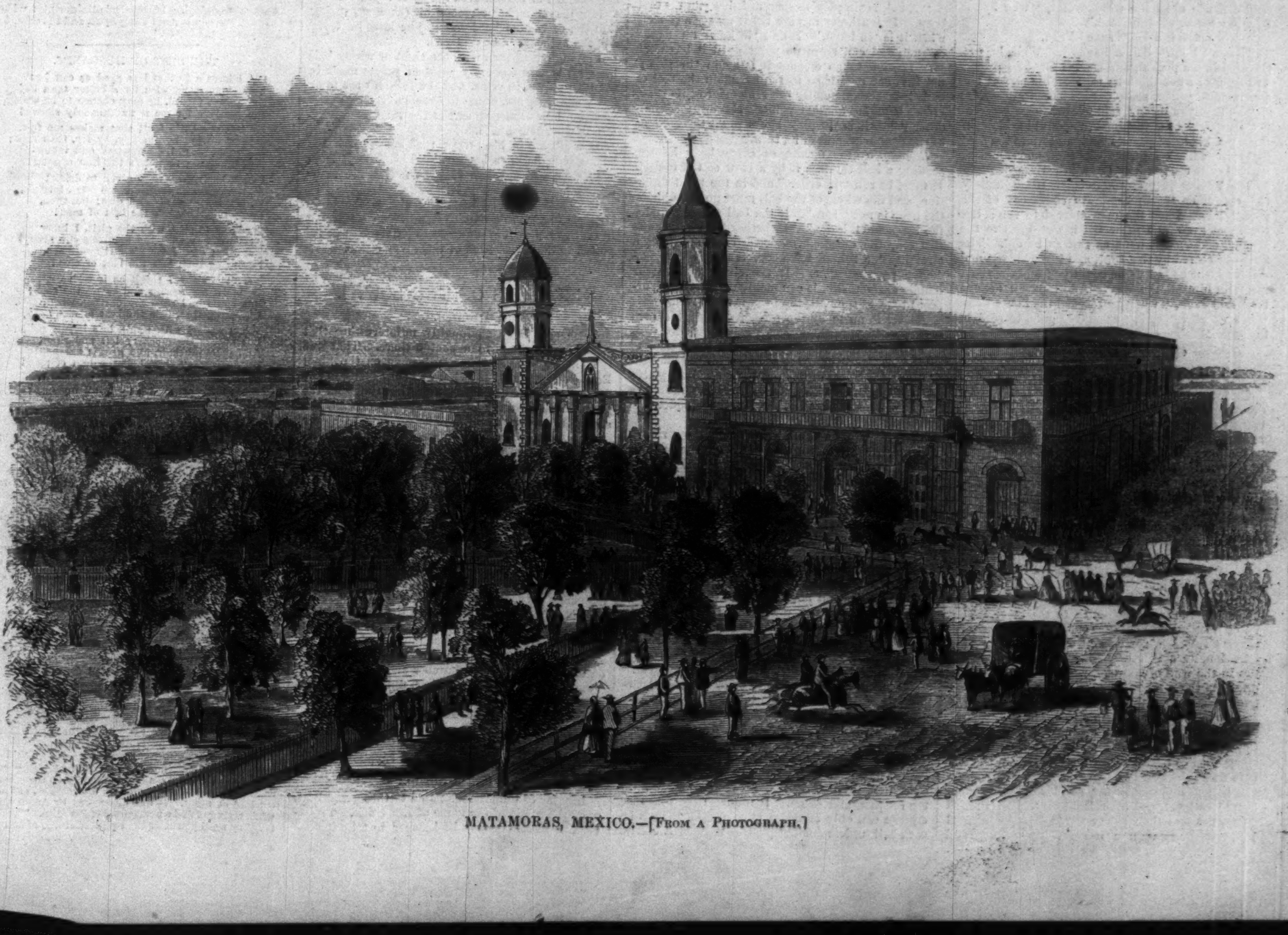
"How absurd you are, Prim!" said Lily. "Maria's rose-bugs were on her frock, child."

"Well, Sarah's butterfly wasn't," persisted Prim. "Mamma, did she ever get hold of any body but grown-up people—any children?"

"Sometimes, when their mothers were not careful," said Mrs. May, "and then it would have made your heart ache to see the poor little things. I'll tell you of one who was called Ruth Rural. Ruth had always lived a very happy life with her mother in the country, running about the fields in a white sun-bonnet, and having a pink one for Sundays; picking blackberries, and hunting for hens' nests in the long grass of the meadow or the dry hay in the barn; studying with all her might in the morning, and playing just as hard in the afternoon. Until one unhappy summer, when Mrs. Rural (venturing too near the grounds of Grundy Castle) was taken captive, and was then at once so bewildered that little Ruth fell an easy prey."

"But didn't she run?" cried Primrose. "I should, I know that. Mrs. Grundy would never have got hold of me."

"She might," said Mrs. May. "You would not



MATAMORAS, MEXICO.—[From a Photograph.]

be afraid of any place where you saw me, Prim, and Ruth just staid by her mother. And what a life Mrs. Grundy led the poor child! Ruth had gone away from home in a nice print dress and strong black shoes; able to run, and jump, and dance, and climb fences; and she came back in a large hoop, and a flounced robe, and silk boots. Her hair was crinkled, and braided, and bewitched, till it stood on end, as if she had been hearing the worst sort of a ghost story; and (no small misfortune) Ruth had learned that she had a complexion to make or to mar; and for that Mrs. Grundy had prescribed as little fresh air as possible, taken through a blue gauze veil.

"Well, when at last the poor child got home, and Grundy Castle was left far behind, the first night she was too tired to look at any thing. But next day, as soon as all the various duties enjoined by Mrs. Grundy were disposed of, Ruth thought she would run out and look at her flowers. So she caught up her watering-pot and ran to the pump; but her hoop was so large she couldn't get near it, and she had to go to the kitchen for water."

"Mamma, I wish you'd just tell us how she was dressed," said Clover, laughing.

"As near as I remember," said Mrs. May, "her dress was one which Miss La Mode had called 'extremely pretty, and even with pretensions to elegance.' It was a light blue summer poplin, with a white chip hat and a blue wreath, and high light kid boots. Well, Ruth went to her garden, and the delicate kid boots plunged down into the soft earth and came up quite another color. Then a sweet-brier seized hold of the chip hat with its sharp fingers, tearing away the blue forget-me-nots, and leaving a rent by which it was pretty sure to be remembered for some time to come; and the wind rushed about through the frizzed hair till Ruth looked like a wild thing. Ruth was in despair. All her flowers, she thought, looked strange at her; and how could they help it? with her hat swung up in the sweet-brier bush, and her blue veil all tangled in the moss rose. She walked off, quite forgetting her complexion, to another part of the garden; and there was her own white rose-bush, all shining in the sun, bending hither and thither with easy grace, sweeter than all the made-up perfumes in the world. Ruth stood there for a minute, feeling very envious; but suddenly she thought she heard Mrs. Grundy's voice coming along the road; and Ruth dropped her watering-pot and fled into the house."

"Is that all, mamma?" asked Primrose.

"No; I am sorry to say that is only part."

"Please don't tell any more now, mamma," said Lily. "I don't think I like your stories."

"I do," said Prim; "they're splendid. Only I don't quite understand 'em sometimes. Oh, Jack! —you mustn't touch my box."

"Mustn't touch it, hey?" said Jack, leisurely lifting the panes of glass and peeping in, while the alarmed little owners came rushing to the bow-window. "What's the matter? Are you afraid something will grow if I look in?"

"No, we're not, you profane boy," said Lily. "They'll grow fast enough if you'll keep your fingers off."

"Fast enough!" said Jack, whistling. "Fast enough! Much you know about growing, or seeds either. Ah! I could tell you how seeds *can* grow when they set about it."

"Well, tell away," said Lily.

"There was a farmer once," said Jack, taking an easy attitude upon the window-seat, "who had a lot of cucumber seed to plant."

"How much is a lot?" asked Prim.

"I don't know—half a handful. Well, he put the seed in his pocket, and started for the garden; and before he got there he thought his pocket felt queer—uneasy-like, so he put his hand in to see."

"To feel, you mean," said Clover.

"Be quiet! how you interrupt one!" said Jack. "He put his hand in, as I said, and there the seed had sprouted. Well, that was good news, and he hurried on to the garden; but all the time his pocket kept feeling queerer and queerer, till by-and-by the cucumber leaves began to shoot out of the pocket-hole. Then the man started to run; but the shoot grew and grew till it got down to the ground, and then it went as fast as he did. The man was scared by that time, and turned about and ran for home as fast as he could go; and the shoot ran with him all the way. And if you'll believe me," said Jack, "when he reached the house there was a great, large, big cucumber gone to seed in his pocket!"

THE GAME OF CROQUET.

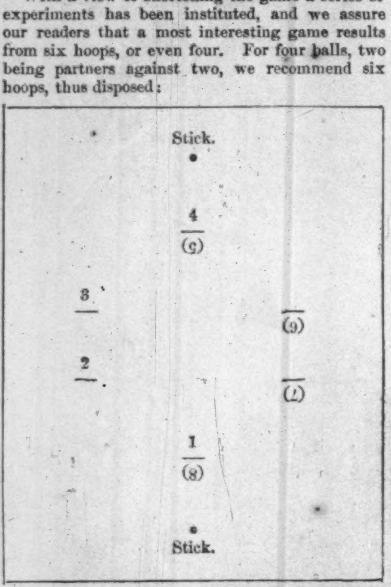
CROQUET has become so universally popular, and deservedly so, that, in connection with our illustration on page 568, we propose to lay before our readers the nature and rules of this charming game.

We have not the space to enter into the history of Croquet. The game as it stands now has taken its fixed shape from the decisions promulgated by the Croquet Committee of London.

The best number of players for general purposes is four, two playing against two; and for matches, six. Where there is only one ground, and more than four desire to play, it is a good plan to divide the candidates into two sets, one set commencing at the starting and winning stick, the other at the turning-stick, so that what is the starting-stick to one party is the turning-stick to the other. The two games go on simultaneously; the two sets of players interfere scarcely at all with each other. Occasionally a ball belonging to the other game lies in the way of a stroke, when it must be taken up while the stroke is made; or the striker in one game has perhaps to wait a moment while the striker in the other game makes his stroke.

As regards the ground, it often happens the best that can be obtained is small, inconvenient, and any thing but level. In such cases all that can be done is to make the best of a bad job. But where space can be got, and money is "no object," the ground should be level, and of well-mown and well-rolled grass, not less than thirty yards, nor, for general purposes, more than a hundred yards long, and from twenty to sixty yards wide. This proportion of five to three between length and breadth is the one most approved. The ground should have its boundaries well-defined before the play begins.

With a view to shortening the game a series of experiments has been instituted, and we assure our readers that a most interesting game results from six hoops, or even four. For four balls, two being partners against two, we recommend six hoops, thus disposed:



The numbers appended to the hoops show the order in which they are to be run. A string should be cut one-sixth of the entire length between the two sticks. From the starting-stick to hoop 1 is one string, and there is the same distance between the turning-stick and hoop 4 (5). The side-hoops are fixed two on either side, one string apart, and each of the four two strings from a point midway between the two sticks. Hoops 7 and 2 are at the same distance from hoop 1 as hoops 3 and 6 from hoop 4.

For six balls a capital game may be played with only four hoops: hoops 2 and 3 (see diagram) being taken out, and a hoop placed half-way between them; the same with hoops 6 and 7; so that the four hoops correspond to the four corners of a diamond. And, where time presses, or where others are waiting to play, this plan is well adapted for four balls, the game lasting about half an hour.

The term *in order* is well understood by every croquet player. It signifies the sequence of hoops, etc., which have to be run. A player having run No. 1, must take No. 2 "in order," that is, if he takes No. 3, or any other hoop, before having taken No. 2, he gains no point by it. Of course the game is won by the side that first drives all their balls through all the hoops "in order," and hits all the sticks "in order."

The terms *in play* and *in hand* present more difficulty. As a great many nice points turn on the question whether a ball is "in play" or not, it is important to comprehend precisely the meaning of the terms, and they are by no means easy of definition. We quote the definition of the Committee, which we think very clear:

"A ball is 'in play' as soon as it has run the first hoop. It continues in play till it makes a roquet, when it is 'in hand.' A ball 'in hand' must take croquet, and can score no point until it has done so. Having taken croquet it is again 'in play;' but it is not permitted to roquet again the ball or balls it has croqueted for the remainder of its turn, unless it makes another point. Having made another point, it is 'in play' again to all the balls as at the commencemnt of its turn."

Running a hoop means, as every body knows, sending a ball through it by a blow of the mallet. It must be run "in order," and in the right direction, and the whole of the ball must go through, or the hoop is not "run." If the ball remains under the hoop, and it is doubtful whether the ball is *quite* through, the question is decided by applying a straight-edge behind the hoop, the hoop being of course perpendicular. If the straignt-edge (the handle of the mallet is commonly used for this purpose) touches the ball, the hoop is not "run."

Roquet is made by the striker driving his own ball, by a blow of the mallet, against another ball. If he is "in play" to the other ball, the "roquet" gives him the privilege of a *croquet* off the hit ball.

Croquet is taken in this way. The striker places his ball in contact with the one roqueted, and strikes his own with the mallet. After the croquet, the striker is entitled to another stroke.

Croquet may be taken either with the striker's foot fixed firmly on his own ball while he strikes, when it is called a "tight" croquet, or without the foot, when it is termed a "loose" croquet.

A *point* is made on running a hoop, or hitting a stick, each, of course, "in order."

We have already stated what constitutes "running" a hoop. A stick is hit when the striker's ball is seen to move it, or when the sound of the ball against it is heard. It has been suggested that a bail should be placed on the top of the stick, and that the stick shall not be deemed to be hit unless the bail falls. But in practice it seldom happens that there is any question as to the hit, and a bail would be a complication. It is a question, however, whether in a grand match bails should be used.

A *turn* is simply the innings of any one player.

We are now in a position to understand the bearings of the definition of the terms "in hand" and "in play."

A ball is in hand as soon as it has made a roquet. It takes croquet, after which it is in hand only to the ball roqueted for the remainder of that turn, or until it has made another point. If it roquets another ball, it similarly remains in hand to it after the croquet, and so on. It follows from this that croquet can only be taken once in each turn from each ball, unless another point is made. A second roquet may be made on a ball previously roqueted without a point being made in the interval, as, for instance, for the purpose of driving away, cannoning, etc.; but such roquet does not entitle to a croquet, as the striker is in hand to the ball roqueted. The striker's turn ends there, unless by the same stroke he makes a point, or roquets another ball to which he is "in play." In this case he can go on with his turn, the roquet of the ball to which he is in hand being of no more advantage or disadvantage than hitting a stick or a stone that might happen to lie on the grass.

We now come to the laws themselves. But we have said so much by anticipation with regard to them that we shall pass them through very rapidly. One recommendation of the laws under review is, that they are clearer, fewer, and shorter than any other published set.

First, the rotation of play has to be decided on, the captain of each side allotting the colors as he pleases.

The first stroke is made by placing the ball any where not exceeding one mallet's length from the starting-stick, and striking it toward the first hoop. If this point is made, the player is entitled to another stroke. If he fails to run the first hoop (and this is the *pons asinorum* of unskillful players, and often is not run), his ball is taken off the ground till its next turn comes round.

The striker having run a hoop has the privilege of continuing his turn, so long as he succeeds in making a point in order, or a roquet on a ball in play. Having made roquet, he must next take croquet, after which he is entitled to another stroke.

We now come to the most important law of the lot. It is that the course of the mallet in striking must be across the body from left to right, or from right to left. This regulation is intended to do away with the front stroke. Either one or both hands may be used, but the nearest to the head of the mallet must be eighteen inches at least from it. When the mallet is held in this way, and its course in striking is across the body (i. e., at right angles, or nearly so, to the long axis of the player's feet), the abominable practice of "spooning" is almost impossible.

If a ball is not fairly hit, but in the opinion of the umpire is pushed or spooned, and if the regulations of the law just quoted are not complied with, all benefit from the stroke is lost: the ball is to be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse captain, and the player loses his turn.

Strokes must be given with the end of the head of the mallet, and not with the side.

Balls struck beyond the boundaries of the ground must be at once replaced half a mallet's length within the edge, measured from the spot where they went off, at right angles to the margin.

As regards the penalties for various offenses, the one most open to argument is that respecting the slipping of the ball from under the foot when taking tight croquet. According to the laws before us, the player who allows his ball to slip loses his next stroke—i. e., the remainder of his turn.

If a ball while rolling is touched or stopped by the player or his side, the player ceases to play for that turn. If by the other side, the striker may at his option take his stroke again, or, if entitled to another stroke, may proceed with the balls left where they stopped.

If the striker croquets a ball which he is not entitled to croquet he loses the remainder of his turn, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced.

If a player makes a second hit (as, e. g., seeing that the first is not hard enough) he loses his turn, and the balls are to be replaced.

Playing out of turn with the right or wrong ball loses all benefit from any point or points made in the turn played in error, and the balls hit are to be left where they are, or are to be replaced where they were at the commencement of the turn, at the option of the adverse side.

If a player in his proper turn plays with the wrong ball, he loses his turn and all benefit from the stroke, and the ball or balls moved are to be replaced.

If a ball is moved in taking aim it should in strictness (e. g., in a match) count as a stroke; but in ordinary play it is sufficient to let the ball be replaced to the satisfaction of the adverse side.

PICTURES OF THE SOUTH.

MOBILE.

THIS city is so thoroughly uninteresting that your artist made but one sketch there. That was the picture of the Magnolia Avenue on the Shell Road—or rather what is left of it, for many of the finest trees were cut down in getting range for the guns which were to defend the city—a needless destruction, as they never fired a shot.

The Magnolia, when old, is a handsome tree. It grows tall, and the deep, glossy green of its leaves is a capital foil to the delicate white of its large and perfumed blossoms. The trees through which the Shell Road passes—the fashionable drive of Mobile—have long been famous, and it is a great pity so many of them have been destroyed.

Mobile was a terribly demoralized city during the war, and it is not to be wondered at. Garrisoned by a large force, which was entirely without occupation till toward the close of the war, such looseness pervaded its society as to make it the subject of repeated strictures in the rebel newspapers. Since it fell into Union hands it has shown itself to be by no means a community where liberal or peaceful sentiments reign; as witness the repeated burnings of colored churches and school-houses, "entirely the work of *accident*, unless the niggers did it themselves," as I was assured by a citizen. These and other things—the result of bad policy—are driving much of the trade and even the merchants to New Orleans, whither many of the planters of Alabama follow to get their supplies.

BATON ROUGE.

Inquiry of the citizens failed to throw any light upon the origin of the name of Red Stick. Probably our novelists may be induced to take it up—not the *baton rouge*, but the construction of some magnificent story, connecting the foundation of the city with the most hideous deeds, committed by amiable scoundrels and sweet criminals, in whom the worst vices shall appear worthy of imitation and consonant with the true principles of Christianity. Like all the Southern cities, business here is entirely stagnant, the principal occupation being to keep out of the sun and drink iced drinks. The State House still stands, a melancholy shell, and looks much more like an ancient castle than it ever had any hopes of doing while perfect. Meanwhile the Legislature meets at New Orleans.

The other prominent building is the Louisiana State Deaf and Dumb Asylum—a very pleasant and commodious building, but having few patients. From its roof the spectator can look over the city and the battle-ground where General WILLIAMS died at the head of his men in 1862. The field is flat, extending in an arc around the city, bounded by woods, where the Confederate army found shelter when finally driven off. Above the city a number of good residences are missing, near the arsenal, having been torn down and destroyed to make way for fortification. In this way all trace of the old Spanish defensive works disappeared. The places can still be seen where the shells of the Union fleet tore through the houses, when compelled to open upon the city in revenge for the dastardly conduct of some men (said to be guerrillas) who, concealed behind fences, fired upon a boat's crew which landed to get ice, and killed an officer and a number of men. On that occasion the citizens left in such a hurry that, though the fire killed none, a number died of the unaccustomed exercise.

In all the Southern cities along the rivers the Levee is the place of first importance. If there is any life it will be seen here. In one of my sketches a New Orleans steamer, one of the Atlantic and Mississippi line, has made a landing, while another on its way down is visible in the distance. On the right are the welcome ice-boats discharging their frosty cargo. This is done, as befits the sunny South, in a clumsy and slovenly manner. The wretched bridge, over which they haul the ice in sleds, and which might as well be made in one inclined plane to the shore, is constructed with several angles. The negro who has charge of the horse makes the animal carry his hulking frame as well as haul the ice ashore. Fancy a man on a New York dock riding the horse engaged in unloading cargo. While making the sketch a hitch occurred and a darkey fell overboard. Although it did not appear that he could swim much, a boat-load of white boys kept out of his way and yelled at him derisively.

The Southern people hate the adverse criticisms of Northern people upon the usual manner in which things are done in the South; but as soon as they realize how much they lose in comfort and dignity as well as money, they will begin to enjoy life as they have not had a chance to do under the demoralizing influences of "the institution."

A. R. W.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HOW TO BECOME INVISIBLE.—The gift of invisibility was formerly believed to be procurable by means of fern-seed; but no peculiar power of rendering people invisible resides especially in the seed of fern. Put on any very seedy suit of clothes and walk about in the streets. You will very soon find that your acquaintance will pass you without seeing you.

A wag thus eulogizes his musical attainments: "I know two tunes, the one is Auld Lang Syne, and the other isn't. I always sing the latter."

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

Oh, I have a husband as good as can be;
No woman could wish for a better than he!
Sometimes, indeed, he may chance to be wrong,
But his love for me is uncommonly strong!

He has one little fault that makes me fret,
He has always less money, by far, than debt;
Moreover, he wallops me now and then—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

I own he is dreadfully given to drink;
And, besides, he is rather too fond, I think,
Of playing at cards and dice; but then,
Excepting that, he's the best of men!

He loves to chat with the girls, I know
('Tis the way with the men—they're always so),
But what care I for his flirting—when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

I can't but say I think he is rash
To pawn my pewter and spend the cash;
But how can I scold my darling, when,
Excepting that, he's the best of men?

When soaked with tipple, he's hardly polite,
But knocks the crockery left and right,
And pulls my hair, and growls again—
But, excepting that, he's the best of men!

Yes—such is the loyalty I have shown;
But I have a spouse who is all my own;
As good, indeed, as a man can be—
And who could ask for a better than he?

Who was Jonah's tutor?—The whale who brought him up.

"Well, what is it that causes the saltness of the water of the ocean?" inquired a teacher of a bright little boy. "The cod-fish," replied the little original.

Why is a mad bull an animal of a convivial disposition? —Because he offers a *horn* to every one he meets.

A man who was once on a journey said he never liked to see the tables covered with books and newspapers where he stopped at night. "For," said he, "I can never find any whisky at such places."

"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slander, going about like a boy constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

A mirror has been well defined
An emblem of a thoughtful mind;
For look upon it when you will,
You find it is reflecting still.

The captain of a vessel is not governed by his mate, but a married landsman generally is.

The State of Matrimony is bounded by hugging and kissing on one side, and cradles and babies on the other. Its chief productions are population, broomsticks, and staying out late at night. It was discovered by Adam and Eve while trying to find a passage out of Paradise. The climate is sultry until you cross the equinoctial line of housekeeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting State consult the first pair of bright eyes you run against. It is one of the United States.

TAXATION.—A grumbler explains the present system of raising revenue as follows: "Now you see, in the first place, they git the amount of a feller's business. That is taxed. Then they find out how much he earns every month, and that's taxed. Then they find out all about his profits, and on that they lay their tax. Then they manage to get some tax on what he owes Next comes what they call income, and that's taxed. Then, if any thing is left, the preacher calls around, and gits it to sustain the church and convert the heathen."

"Go away," said Muggins, "you can't stuff sich nonsense in me—six feet in his boots! No man as lives stands more ner two feet in his boots, and no use talking 'bout it. Might as well tell me the man had six heads in his hat!"

Effectual destruction of weeds—marrying a widow.

THAT.

I'll prove the word that I've made my theme
Is that that may be doubled without blame;
And that that that thus trebled, I may use,
And that that that that critics may abuse,
May be correct. Further—the dons to bother—
Five thats may closely follow one another;
For, be it known, that we safely write,
Or say that that that that that man writ was right;
Nay, e'en that that that that that that followed
Through six repeats the grammar's rule has hallowed;
And that that that (that that that that began)
Repeated seven times is right!—deny't who can.

There is a story of a Scotch boy, asked whether he wished to be regenerated, replying, "Na, na!" "What for not, Robin?" "Because regeneration means being born again, and then wha can tell I mightna be a lassie?"

What metamorphosis does a washer-woman undergo in the night?—She goes to bed a washer-woman and gets up fine linen.

PENALTIES FOR CLERKS.

Dropping a yard-stick, five cents.

Sitting down, between the hours of 8 A.M. and 7 P.M., ten cents.

Conversing with a gentleman, ten cents.

Five minutes late in the morning, ten cents.

Dropping a piece of goods on the floor, five cents.

In case of sickness, wages suspended. "Salaries," from one to four dollars per week. Board, from three to six dollars.

An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let, containing eight rooms *and an acre of land.*

A love-sick young pair who had only a dollar
To pay to the priest for the conjugal collar,
Were told by the parson his regular fee
For marrying people was only a V.
"Nay, then," quoth the swain, "good parson, now come!
A dollar, I'm sure, ought to marry us *some;*"
'Tis all I have got: you can take it, you know,
And marry as far as the money will go!"

A STRONG LETTER.

"MESSRS. ——: I return your firkin of butter. It is of no use to me, and it might do for a 'leader' on one of your fast freight teams. The season of the year requires strength. Yours respectfully."

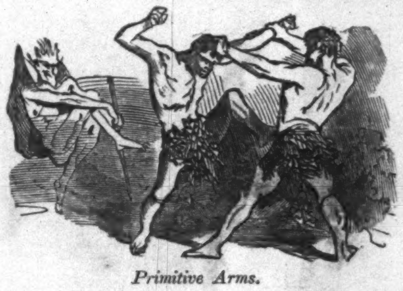
A statistician says he has perused fourteen hundred and thirty-three different articles upon the cholera, in all of which the authors advise different preventatives.

Two duelists, having exchanged shots without effect, one of the seconds interfered, and proposed that the parties should shake hands. To this the other second objected as unnecessary, "for," said he, "their hands have been shaking this half hour."

The brave man tries his sword, the coward his tongue;
The old coquette her gold, her face the young.

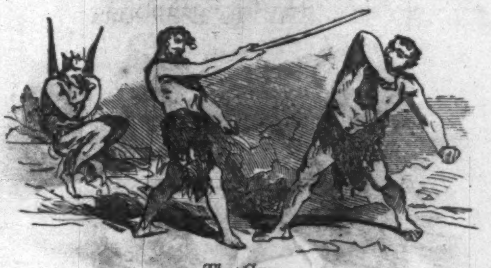
At what time of life may a man be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom?—When long experience has made him *sage.*

PROGRESS OF THE ART OF WAR.



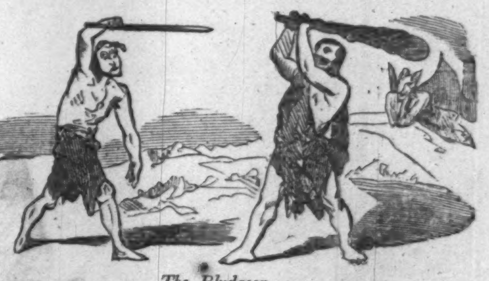
Primitive Arms.

Invention of pugilism and wrestling.—The war lasts as long as the fellows can stand it.



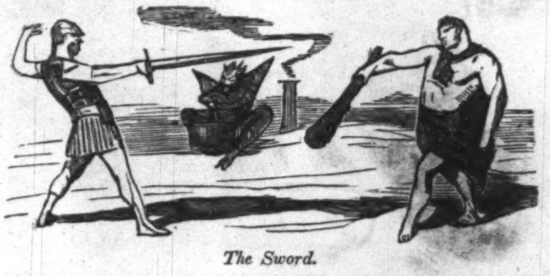
The Cane.

First application of the principle of the lever. The art progresses. —The war lasts till one of the fellows gets his head broken.



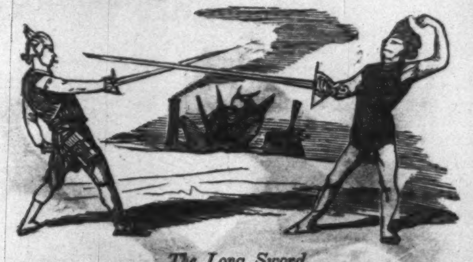
The Bludgeon.

The cane is outdone. The head-breaking process is facilitated.—The fight is an affair of all-day or not, according to the circumstances.



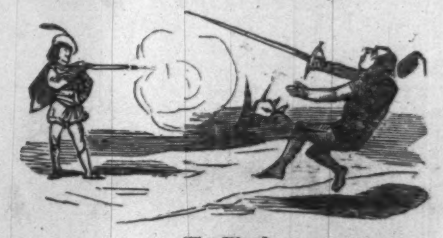
The Sword.

The fellow that was overcome by the bludgeon gains an advantage over his enemy by means of a more convenient and effective weapon.—The war lasts for a couple of centuries.



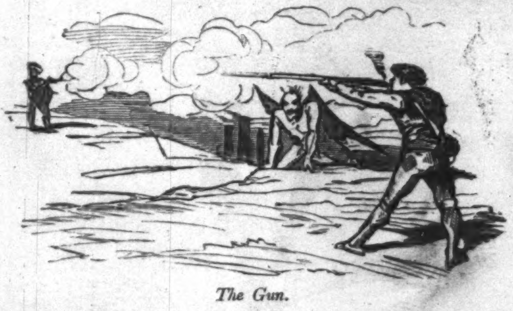
The Long Sword.

The invention of this weapon gives the fighter the satisfaction of piercing his antagonist at a safe distance.—The war lasts for a century.



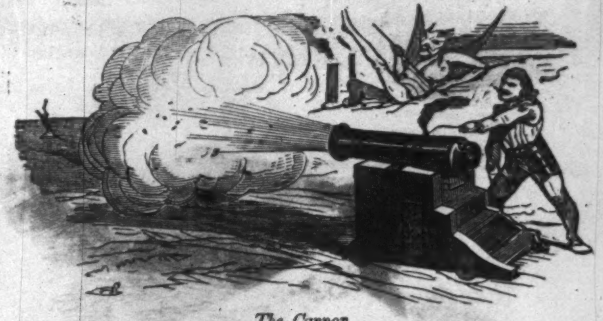
The Pistol.

The Devil puts in an appearance, and suggests the invention of gunpowder. General enthusiasm. Startling progress. The fellow with the long sword is slightly astonished at a piece which pierces at a distance of twenty-five paces.



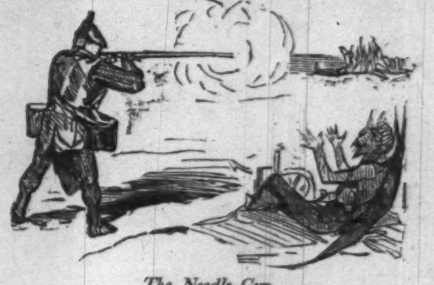
The Gun.

A new stage of progress. The fellow with the pistol is outdone and killed at the distance of a hundred paces.—The war lasts thirty years.



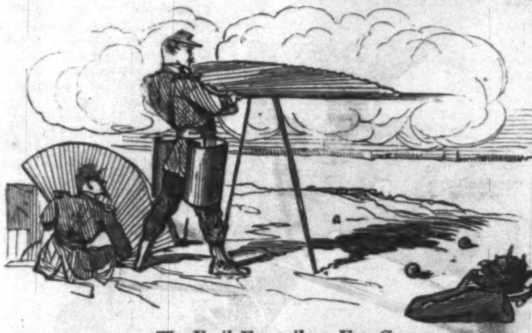
The Cannon.

Those who have escaped the gun, after some reflection invent the cannon. Delightful success! At five hundred paces several antagonists are killed at once.—The Thirty Years' War reduced to seven years.



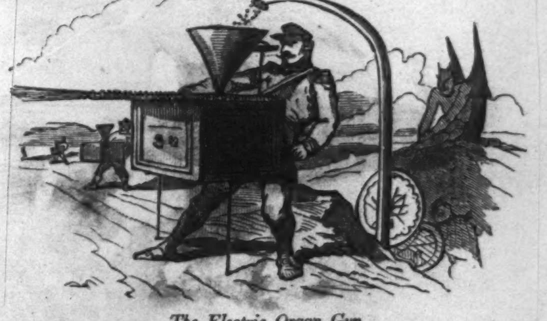
The Needle-Gun.

But there is no limit to human sagacity. A remarkable discovery is made—the Needle-Gun is invented. The enemy finds it difficult to get in a shot until he has dodged a dozen.—The Thirty Years' War reduced to thirty days.



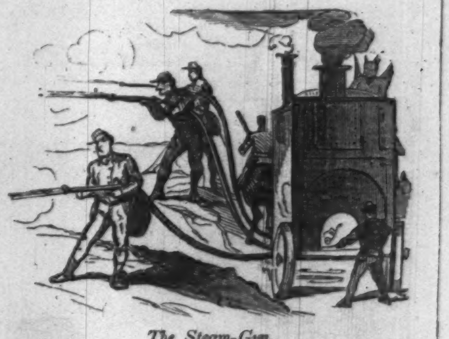
The Fusil Eventail or Fan-Gun.

The manner of fighting in 1870. Twenty-five needle-guns in one. One man destroys a company in five minutes at a distance of 2000 yards.—The Thirty Years' War fought in three days.



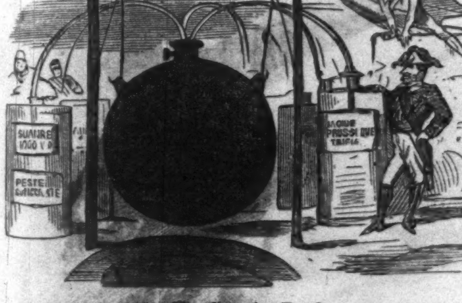
The Electric Organ Gun.

The manner of fighting in 1880. Twenty-five fan-guns in one, discharged by means of an electric battery with a musical accompaniment.—The Thirty Years' War fought in a day and a half.



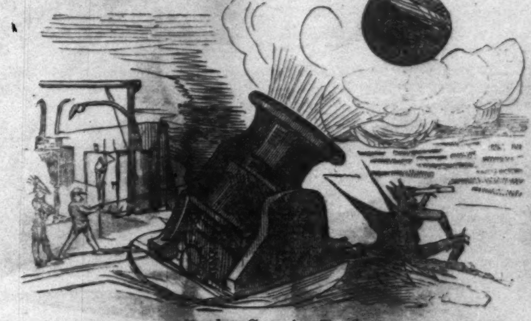
The Steam-Gun.

Manner of fighting in 1890. Twenty-five organ guns in one, manœuvred by steam, and acting continuously.—The Thirty Years' War fought in a day.



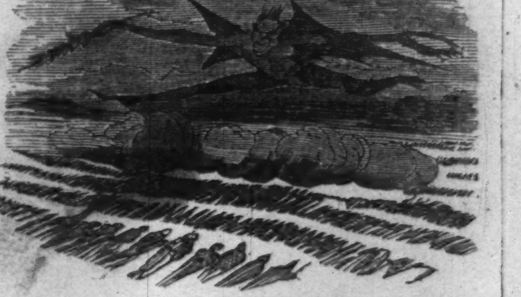
The Surprise Bomb.

The manner of fighting in 1900. The Engineer of the Army beaten by steam, in his moments of leisure invents a terrible asphyxiating surprise bomb, which will choke off a division at ten thousand yards.



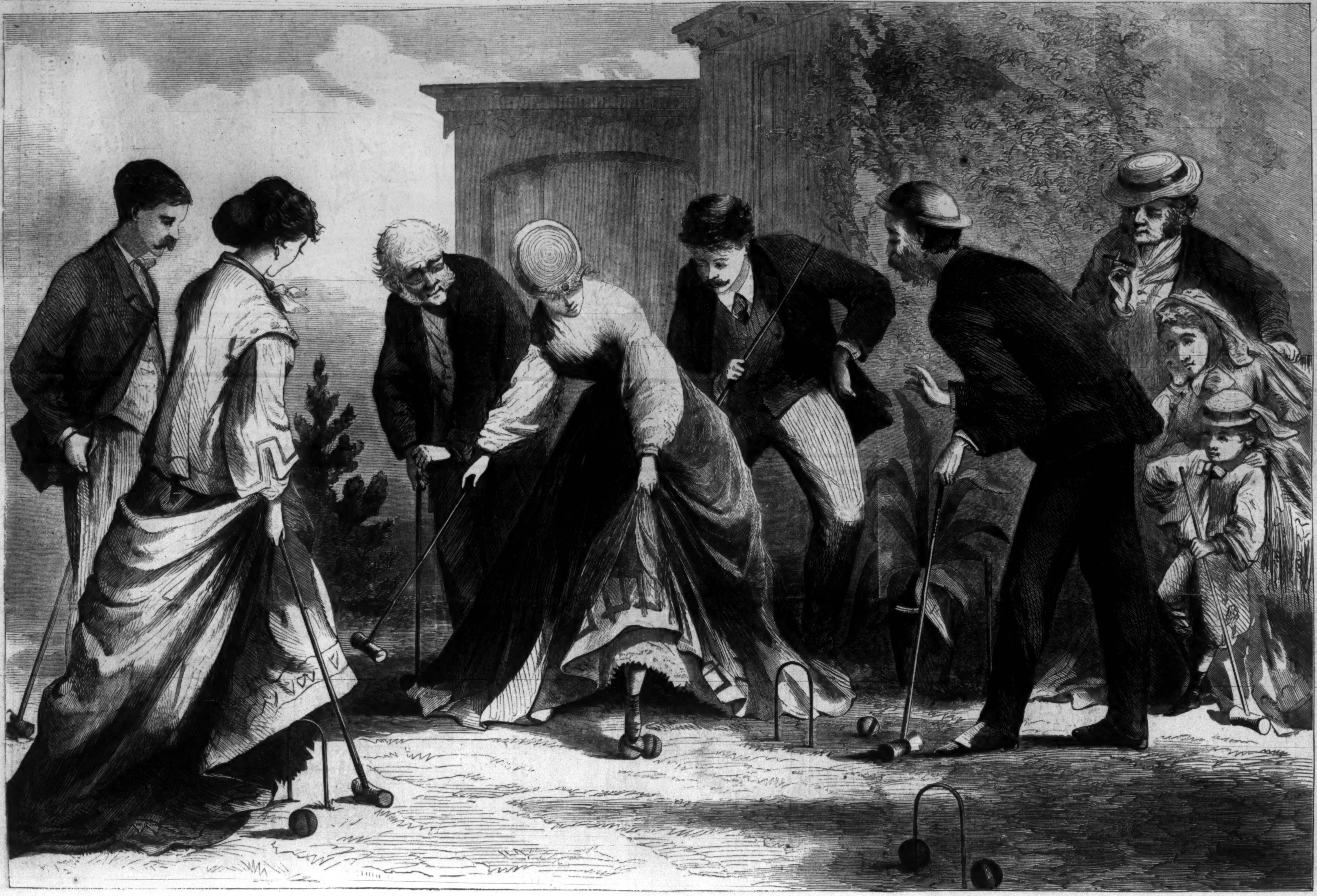
Another Surprise Bomb.

But the Field-Marshal of the Asphyxiated Army concocts a more diffusive asphyxiating powder, which, at ten thousand yards, disposes of an entire army corps.

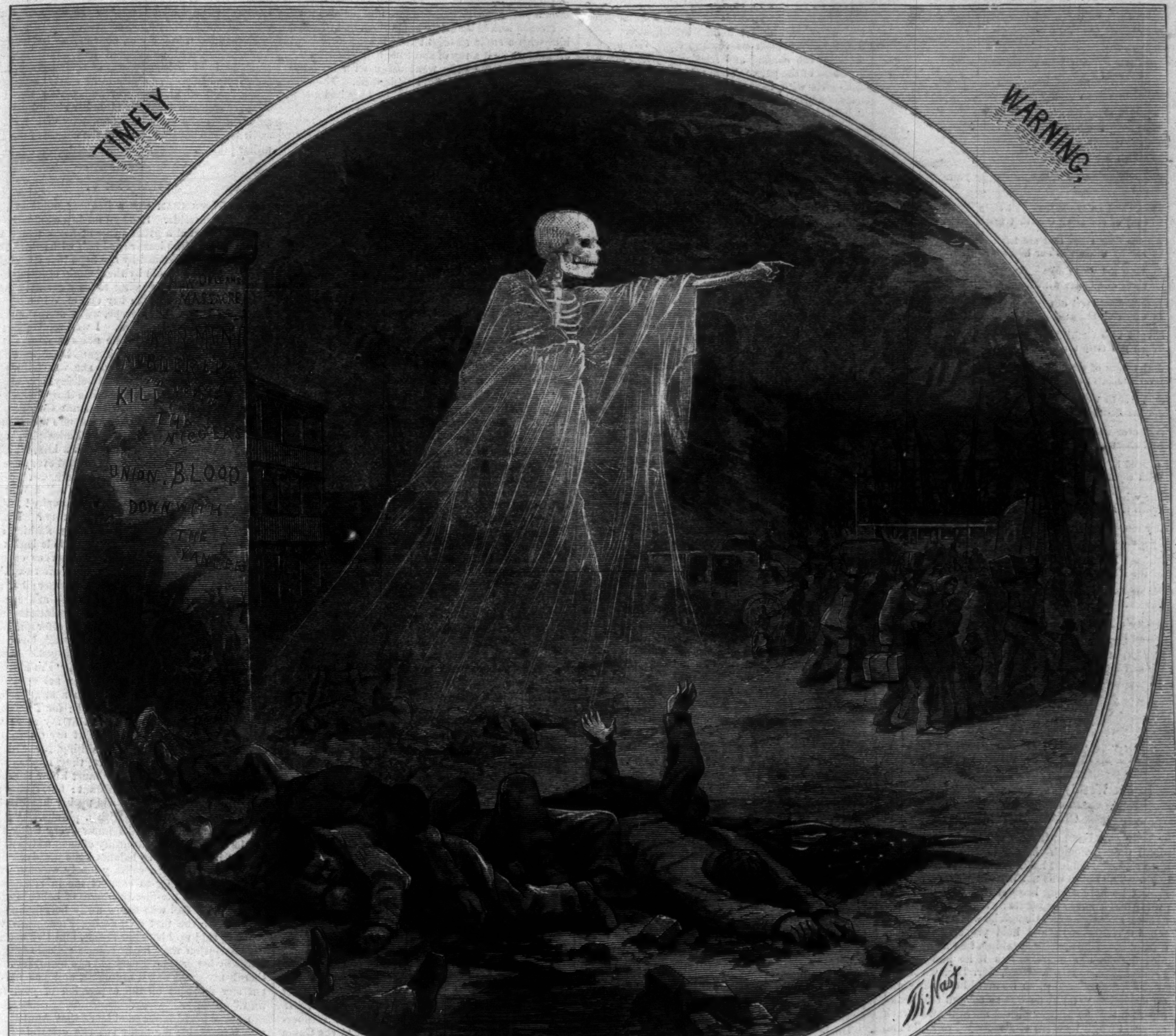


Universal Peace—Tableau.

Each army at length annihilates the other. There is a reign of calm and tranquillity.—The War of Thirty Years lasts for three minutes.

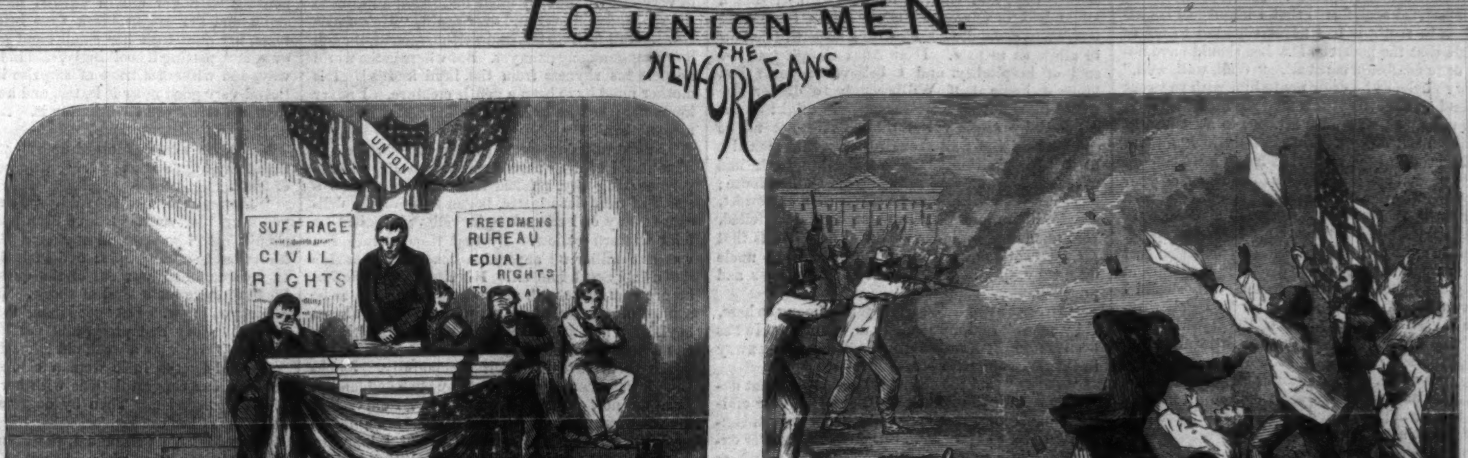


THE GAME OF CROQUET.—Drawn by Mr. Bush.—[See Page 566.]


NEW ORLEANS
MASSACRE
UNION MEN
MURDERED
KILL
THE
NIGGERS
UNION BLOOD
DOWN WITH
THE
YANKEES
Th. Nast.

TIMELY WARNING, TO UNION MEN.

THE NEW ORLEANS


UNION
SUFFRAGE
CIVIL
RIGHTS
FREEDMENS
BUREAU
EQUAL
RIGHTS

CONVENTION OR MASSACRE.

WHICH IS THE MORE ILLEGAL.

ONLY SOME RELICS.

A ring she wore, a jewel that pressed
The maiden beauty of her breast.

A glove our happy hand once drew
From her small fingers veined with blue.

A ribbon that around her throat
Loved in the dallying winds to float.

A golden clasp that once had known
The silken pressure of her zone.

A little slipper with blue rosette,
In which her fairy foot was set.

And one brown tress, through happy years
Shading the shell-films of her ears.

These, and an ivorytype's dull stain
Are all of our Dear One that now remain.

All the dear relics that are left
Of her by whose loss our hearts are cleft.

Leaving the world a dim, dead space
Of cares and duties with little grace.

A dull, dead level of weary years
In which no blossoming joy appears.

No girl with teeth like the rows of corn
When you strip the ear as the summer is born.

And tresses of changing gold and brown,
Over shoulders of ivory, shaken down.

And lips in whose arched and crimson bow
All the flushing balms of the tropics glow.

And over whose dimpled cheeks, like light
And shade over meadows, the thoughts take flight,

Winged by her innocent, dancing eyes,
With coyness and coquetry, smiles and sighs.

Her voice was the hum of a summer wind
When it breathes through a lattice with roses twined.

Her soul was as pure, as unsullied and white
As the chanting seraphs in robes of light.

And the kindness that dwelt in her heart, I deem,
Of the Heaven she now dwells in was some stray gleam.

Oh loved and lost! our soul's adored!
Our dove with silver wings—our bird!

Beauty embodied, and joy, and peace,
Whose breath had a charm bidding sorrow cease.

Best gift that Heaven to bless us gave—
We cast this chaplet on thy grave.

MILES O'REILLY.

THE TALE OF AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE.

In Six Weekly Portions.—Second Portion.

CHAPTER III.

AUNT AND UNCLE GOUGH were neither rich nor grand people, though the Gable House was, as I have said, the noblest looking dwelling in Willborough. The house was not my uncle's own property, but he held a long lease of it. It belonged to some great county magistrate; a baronet whose very name I have forgotten, though he was a mighty person in Willborough, and held property for miles around it. But socially speaking, he was as far removed from our household as if he had lived in Kamschatka. His steward, Mr. Lee, we knew slightly, and saluted when we met him in the street on market-days; but he was so solemn and grand a person that he always chilled me into awe-struck silence, though he often condescended to smile and speak to us girls as we grew up. Once he told uncle that Miss Anna had a monstrous sprightly air and a fine shape, and would turn all the young fellows' heads by-and-by. "And did he say nothing of our sweet Madge?" asked my aunt when the flattering words had been reported at home and had been blushed and smiled at. Aunt Gough, dear, tender-hearted soul, feared that I might feel slighted; but, in truth, it had never occurred to me as possible that the pompous Mr. Lee should have noticed or remembered me at all. "Well, well, well," said my uncle, as he drew me to him with so sweet and fond a smile that I felt my eyes fill with tears, "I'm not sure that I want Mr. Lee to make pretty speeches about Madge. He can tell which of them has the brightest eyes; of that he's a good enough judge, so don't think I want to rob you of your compliment, Anna. But if Madge won't turn heads she'll creep into hearts; won't she, my dear?" He passed his hand softly over my hair as he spoke. I want to tell the truth, and I must confess that just for a moment I felt a sort of irritable impatience at being told I should not turn heads. Why should I not turn heads as well as another? I half withdrew myself from the touch of the fatherly hand that was caressing me. But the little unworthy feeling passed directly, and in an instant I had kissed my uncle, and we were all laughing together at Anna's assurance that she would begin to practice the turning process on Mr. Lee himself, the very next time she saw him.

The opportunity was not long in coming, but I think Anna had forgotten her vow; at any rate, I don't believe she tried to fulfill it. It was a fortnight after uncle had told us of Mr. Lee's compliment, on the next market-day but one, that my sister and I, coming homeward up the High Street, saw before us my uncle's tall figure walking side by side with the portly Mr. Lee. They were talking earnestly together, and going at a much slower pace than we were, so we soon overtook them. The foot pavement of the Willborough High Street was very narrow: so narrow that two persons walking abreast needed its whole width. We could not pass my uncle and Mr. Lee by stepping off the pavement, because on market-days the roadway was filled with country folk. Vendors of poultry, eggs, butter, fruit, and vegetables stood all along the edge of the causeway. Great carts, piled with country produce, or laden with a ruddy-cheeked farmer's family, jolted ponderously along, the wagoner whip in hand steering his unwieldly horses amidst the crowd as well as he could; and the docile brutes seeming to understand his uncouth gees, and woos, and wuts, with almost human intelligence. Now and again a prosperous yeoman would ride by, his well-fed cob chafing and fretting at the enforced slowness of the pace. Then there were stout servant-girls with heavy baskets, traveling peddlers hoarse with vaunting their wares, a blind fiddler or doleful ballad-singer, farm-laborers slow and bewildered of aspect, busy shopkeepers, whooping school-boys, barking dogs, cackling hens, and I don't know what else.

We came close behind my uncle and his companion, and had even walked some paces at their heels before they were aware of our being near them. "Yes, Mr. Gough," said the steward with pompous emphasis, "so it is arranged. He will have the advantage of my name, position, and connection, and I think on the whole we may expect a fair start—a fair start. If a young man is put in the way of making a fair start, I consider it to be his own fault if he does not—if he does not, in fact, start fair."

"Quite so, quite so, Mr. Lee," returned our guardian with a pleasant laugh. "And I make no doubt but the young gentleman will do you credit."

Here Anna, raising herself on tip-toe, stretched her arm over uncle's shoulder and thrust a bunch of sweet herbs we had been buying for home use under his nose. He and Mr. Lee stopped and turned round; as they did so, a third gentleman, who had been walking a little in advance of them, and whom we had not seen until now, stopped too on hearing my uncle's exclamation. "What now!" cried uncle, his face lighting up into smiles, as it always did whenever he saw either of us, "saucy Nanny! I might have known it was one of your pranks. Fie, miss! Ain't you ashamed? Here's Mr. Lee blushing for you."

I don't think Mr. Lee was blushing, but I know Anna was, and laughing too, and looking very pretty. Mr. Lee shook hands with us both with much condescension; and as we were blocking up the pathway, and were being hustled and pushed this way and that, Uncle Gough bade us two walk on, and said: "Perhaps Mr. Lee and Mr. Horace will be good enough to come to the Gable House and see aunty, and give us the pleasure of drinking a toast to Mr. Horace's success and prosperity, in our homely fashion, after dinner." Then the third gentleman, who had been in advance of them, was presented to us by Mr. Lee as "My son Horace, young ladies;" and my uncle's invitation having been accepted, we all proceeded homeward. The two elders resumed their talk immediately, and chatted together all the way. But we young ones walked shyly side by side in silence until we reached the old iron gateway of the Gable House.

That was the first time I ever saw Horace Lee.

CHAPTER IV.

IT is difficult for me now to separate that first impression from my subsequent knowledge of Horace, but I am nearly sure that I liked him from the first, although he was shy and silent, and a little stiff, perhaps. I remember, quite certainly, feeling pleased (though I should have been puzzled to say why) that the younger Mr. Lee was not very like his father. Just the color of the bluish-gray eyes, and the crisp curliness of the hair, were alike in the two. But Horace had not his father's massive jaw and coarse mouth, and he had altogether a gentle, wistful kind of expression when his face was in repose, which I suppose he inherited from his dead mother.

Uncle Gough stepped forward and led the way beneath the porch of famous memory, and into the hall; and we four, Anna and I and the two Mr. Lees, followed in a somewhat pell-mell fashion. But I noticed that when we came to the dining-room door and my sister and I paused an instant, old Mr. Lee pushed on in his pompous, self-absorbed way, and entered before us; and that a slight look of annoyance came across the young man's face as he drew back with a formal little bow to allow us to pass. Dear Aunt Gough was the soul of hospitality, and I believe if uncle had brought home half Willborough to dinner she would have felt no more regret than might be occasioned by anxiety lest they should not all be comfortable and well provided for. She looked a little surprised when Mr. Lee walked in, for he had never been on intimate terms at the Gable House; but she welcomed him and his son with the sweet, simple kindliness that can not be counterfeited. And then, during dinner we heard how it was that Mr. Horace was in Willborough, and what uncle meant by speaking of a toast to his success and prosperity.

"Mr. Lee's son is coming to settle among us here, old woman," said my uncle to my aunt. "He has been studying engineering and land-surveying away in Birmingham, with Mr. — Mr. —"

"Topps," said the elder Mr. Lee, seeing that uncle paused for the name. "Topps. A very eminent man, Madam. Very eminent man. And expensive, very expensive. But eminence is ever expensive." The old gentleman looked round as though he had said something highly gratifying, and expected us to appear pleased. Horace kept his eyes on the table-cloth.

"Yes," resumed my uncle, "Mr. Horace has been studying with Mr. Topps. I am sure that Mr. Horace has profited by his opportunities; and his course of study being now finished, I am glad to say he is coming to give us Willborough folk the advantage of his skill."

"I have bought him a share in the old established business of Phillips and Rotherwood," put in Mr. Lee. "Mr. Phillips is about retiring, and there is an opening for a young man with moderate capital and a good connection. I consider that I have done my duty by my son, in keeping before him from boyhood the advantage of a good connection. And, if I may be allowed to say so, I think he will find a good connection ready to receive him, and to respect him—for his father's sake."

"No doubt of that, Sir," said Uncle Gough, after so short a silence that there scarcely seemed to have been a pause at all: "and to like him for his own."

Horace looked up at my uncle then, and thanked him with a smile so bright that it seemed to light up his face as if a ray of sunshine had fallen on it.

After that we girls went away with my aunt and left the gentlemen over their wine. They did not remain apart very long, for the Lees had a ten-mile drive to their home, and the days were shortening already at the approach of autumn. They came into the morning-room where we were sitting to take leave of my aunt. Old Mr. Lee was a good deal flushed, and had been doing justice to my uncle's cellar. That was no uncommon circumstance in those days, but it was one we were unused to, for James Gough was the most temperate of men.

"Won't you stay and drink a dish of tea, Sir?" asked my aunt, hospitably, though she looked a little fluttered as Mr. Lee took her hand and glared at her solemnly. He was not intoxicated, but he had taken enough to make him more prosy and pompous than usual.

"I thank you, Madam, but 'tis a beverage I never partake of, and we are pressed for time. My horse and gig are awaiting us at the Blue Bell, but I could not depart without expressing my best thanks for your hospitality. Horace, why do you not join your acknowledgments to mine? I am surprised at your negligence."

"Oh, pray!" said poor aunt, quite earnestly, "I'm sure there's no need, none in the world. It's a great pleasure to us to have entertained the young gentleman in our homely fashion."

"But there is need, Madam," persisted Mr. Lee. "There *is* need; pardon me for contradicting you, but I am a great stickler for the observance of those polite forms which—which—gild the wheels of life. Likewise, I was brought up in the observance of the utmost courtesy, especially toward the gentler sex. You may deem me punctilious and over-precise, young man, but in my day it was thought no part of good manners to leave a lady's house without a parting compliment. Courtesy, courtesy and consideration for the fair sex, even in the most trifling matters, has been my rule through life."

I couldn't help thinking of the little scene at the dining-room door, and I had an uncomfortable idea that Mr. Horace was thinking of the same thing, and I felt my cheeks grow provokingly scarlet. Mr. Lee went on some time longer, and made quite a speech, which, however, seemed to be spoken rather at us than to his son; but at last it came to an end, and he took a dignified leave of me, and an admiring one of Anna, paying her several high-flown compliments, which she received very graciously and with much self-possession. Horace made each of us his stiff little bow. I fancy his father's paternal admonition had not tended to put him more at his ease. But no bashfulness could have helped thawing under the influence of Aunt Gough's genial motherly manner, and the young man took her hand, and bade her farewell, quite cordially.

"I hope we shall see you at the Gable House very often," we heard my uncle saying, as he accompanied his guests down stairs. "You'll be a neighbor, you know, Mr. Horace. If you can put up with humdrum old-fashioned folks like us, you will always find a warm welcome and a cool tankard."

I have been sure since that old Mr. Lee had accosted my uncle that market-day, and introduced his son to him, expressly that he might receive some such invitation, and secure a footing in the Gable household. I know not if he had any further plan in his mind at that time; but it was of itself no trifling advantage to a new-comer in Willborough to be known as a welcome guest at the Gable House; an advantage which the baronet's steward was very sensible of, notwithstanding his boasts about his good connection. We had never been honored by so much of Mr. Lee's company before that day, and I think we were all tacitly agreed that it was a luxury we should not care to indulge in very often. But my uncle had taken a liking to the son, and said over and over again, "He's a nice lad. A well-looking lad, and well-mannered, though he's strange among us as yet. But where in the world he gets his shyness from the Lord knows! His mother must have been a gentle creature. I never knew her; but he looks like a lad who has had a nice mother."

The autumn days grew shorter and shorter, the faint smell of dead leaves was in the air, and the pale evening sky, pricked here and there with a spark of tremulous lustre, began to show the delicate tracery of leafless boughs relieved against its faint western yellow. By that time Horace Lee was as familiar an apparition beneath my uncle's roof as old Stock himself. His shyness wore off as he grew intimate with us, and we found him to be a most pleasant companion, with a vein of almost boyish fun and merriment which especially delighted my uncle. A closer bond of good-fellowship between them revealed itself accidentally. James Gough was a north-countryman by birth and family. I can not now explain—if, indeed, I ever did rightly know—what vicissitudes of fortune had brought him to dwell in our southern county; but I know he kept a warm corner in his heart for all that belonged to his dear Border land, and retained a clannish interest in his own far-away kinsfolk, even to cousins thrice removed. And, behold, one day it came out that Horace Lee's mother had been a Northumbrian, born and bred within twenty miles of my uncle's native place! Here was a pleasant discovery! Uncle Gough was never weary of questioning Horace about his dead mother, and rubbing up his own reminiscences of her family, the McNaghtens, until he ended by persuading himself that he must have known Mrs. Lee in her early youth, though I am afraid it was inexorably proved by dates and figures that he could never have seen her. He would sit and talk for hours of the wild moorlands and the heathery solitudes he had tramped through when a boy, relating one adventure after another, until the northern burr would come back to his tongue, and the boyish sparkle into his eyes, and he would bid Anna sing some old Border ballad, and would sit listening with closed eyelids to her fresh thrilling tones, while his heart lived over again the days of auld lang syne, and the tears stole unchecked down his dear honest face.

Horace too would listen, charmed and attentive. Anna, who loved excitement and admiration as much as most girls conscious of their beauty, and accustomed to receive praise in no stinted measure, never threw so much power and pathos into her voice, or so much expression into her changing face, as when Horace varied the monotony of her home audience and added novelty to the chorus of our familiar praises.

CHAPTER V.

MISS WOKENHAM was a frequent guest at this time at our fireside. She had made a confidence to us, and imparted a great piece of news, which we received half with pleasure and half with pain. The pleasure was occasioned by the hope that she would be happy, and the pain by the thought of losing her. Miss Wokenham was going to be married! And her husband was to take her out of Willborough, out of England, out of Europe, away across the salt sea as far as North America. I well remember the day when she first broke the news to us, and the comical struggle between crying and laughing which twitched her face all the time she was telling it. It was the afternoon of a half-holiday, one bright October day, when she walked into the parlor where Anna and I were sitting with Aunt Gough, who was half asleep over a perfect Arachne's web of fine-drawing. "Well, my mild-eyed Philosophy," said Miss Wokenham, greeting me with a kiss, which I had to stoop down to receive. (Almost every one of her pupils she distinguished by a nickname. Mine was Philosophy. Anna she always called Will-o'-the-wisp.) "Well, mild-eyed Philosophy! And how are you? And how is dear aunty? I need not ask how *you* are, Will-o'-the-wisp, flashing and beaming brightly enough to lead a whole legion of unwary travelers astray, and mischievous enough to enjoy their flounderings in the bog afterward."

She had always a quick, lively manner; but she now spoke more rapidly than usual, and I, who knew her well, was certain she was fluttered and excited. She proved me to be right after a minute or two, when, seating herself on a broad, low cushion just by Aunt Gough's knee, she clasped her hands tightly together, and said, abruptly, "I'm not used to tell lies, and I find I can't even act one well. It's of no use my coming in with a swagger and pretending to be quite at my ease; for I'm not at my ease, and you know I'm not at my ease; and I know that you know I'm not at my ease. I've come on purpose to tell you something, Mrs. Gough, and, as the dear girls are here, they may as well stay and hear it too, for they must know it sooner or later." She stopped an instant; but, seeing my aunt was about to speak, held up her hand to beg for silence, and went on with a plunge. "I am going to be married, and I know every thing that can be said about the absurdity of such a step at my time of life. But I've balanced the disadvantages of living and dying a solitary lonely woman, without a human being to comfort me in sickness or sorrow, against the disadvantages of being laughed at for an old fool who threw away herself and her savings on the first frog-eating Frenchman who chose to hold up his finger to her, and I've come to the conclusion that I can endure ridicule in good company better than dreary old age by myself. So there's my great news, my dears, and you needn't put any restraint on the expression of your feelings."

I never heard any one observe that Aunt Gough was remarkable for tact; but she certainly had a way of doing and saying the right thing at the right moment, which fell like soothing balm on the feelings of those around her. She was what it is now the fashion to call "sympathetic," in a greater degree than any one I have ever known. When little Miss Wokenham had finished her speech, and sat panting with her mouth twisted into a strained smile, and her bright black eyes brimming with tears, my aunt took her small hand gently in her own, and, patting it soothingly, said in her soft, slow way, and without a trace of surprise in her voice: "And very good news it is, too, and a very sensible woman I think you for bringing it. And who is to be the good man, my love?"

The little woman jumped up and put her arms round my aunt's neck; giving way now to a gush of tears.

"That's the phrase," she said. "The very phrase, you dear, kind soul! I have been puzzling how I should call him—not in my own thoughts, you know, but to other people; and I felt that my lover, or my betrothed, was out of the question. Even husband gave me a kind of shock. It's so late to begin, you know. But 'good man,' that is the very phrase! Cozy and prosy, and yet kindly. And you don't think me a weak old idiot, do you?"

By-and-by the little woman calmed down and received our congratulations with her usual sensible self-possession. Then by degrees she told us the story of her wooing.

"It's M'sieu' de Beauguet, the French master—Old Bogie, you know, girls. I shall be Mrs. Old Bogie. Won't that be a good name for me? I'm sure I never thought of such a thing all the years I've known him, though we were always on the best of terms, until, about a month ago, he came to me and told me that he had had an unexpected piece of good fortune. 'I'm honestly glad of it, M'sieu',' said I; 'for I have a great respect for you, and I'm sure you deserve a smile from Fortune after bearing her frowns with such gallantry. But all the world knows how natural cheerful bravery is to a Frenchman.' My dears, I knew he had been very, very poor, and had fought a hard fight without asking aid from any one. So it was not a mere flourish on my part. He made me a grand bow, and said, 'I accept the compliment for my nation, mademoiselle, not for myself.' And then he told me that a distant relative, from whom he had had no expectations, had died in Canada, whither he had emigrated many years ago, and that this distant relaive had left a small property and a farm near Quebec to his second cousin, Louis Auguste Philippe Emile de Beauguet. I wrote the names down afterward, and that's how I remember them so glibly. And then he said that he had resolved to give up teaching and to go out and settle in Canada, where there was quite a colony of his country people; and he was full of his plans and hopes. He didn't say a word about—about me—then. After he was gone I don't mind owning that I felt much depressed. I was glad of his good prospects, really glad; and yet the idea of his going away all that distance, set me thinking how all those to whom I was attached had other and stronger ties in the world—how the girls I had loved and taught grew up and passed out of my ken, generation after generation, vanishing away to be bright and pretty and clever in their distant homes, without a thought of their poor schoolmistress growing old by herself in her solitude. And I could not help thinking how other women took root, as it were, in the world, and bore fruit, and flourished into a green old age; while I stood alone, like some cold bare rock that had no beauty and little use, and must some day topple down and lie unregretted where it falls. I worked myself into such a dismal, desolate frame of mind—more shame for me!—that I sat huddled up by the fire, crying and sobbing like a fool, when my little servant Kate came bouncing into the room—you remember, Philosophy, my love, that we never *could* teach her to knock at the door—and brought me a great square letter, sealed with a coat of arms as big as a cheese-plate. It was from De Beauguet, of course. I'm not going to repeat it to you, don't be afraid, though I do know it by heart"—here a faint pink flush came over Miss Wokenham's delicate pale face—"but I may say it was a good letter, a very good letter. He said he felt alone in the world. He had been exiled from his country and all he held dear in it for so many years that France was more like a beautiful dream to him than a reality. He said a great deal more than he need have done about generous kindness and delicate sympathy on the part of your humble servant. I'm not going to pretend that I was not gratified; but he gave me more than my due ten thousand times over. And then at last he said that if I would—there!—would cast in my lot with his, and go abroad with him, he would undertake that I should never repent my confidence. I took a week to consider about it, though I *think*—upon my word I am not sure—that my mind was made up from the first. And the end of it is that I've promised Lewis to take him for better, for worse, and to be a faithful, kind companion to him, as well as I know how, so long as I have life and strength, and longer."

After that day Miss Wokenham was a great deal at the Gable House. She had many preparations to make, and not too much time to get ready in. They were to be married in Liverpool, and to sail from that port in a merchantman bound for Quebec. Monsieur de Beauguet had arranged all that. My aunt was a perfect mistress of the craft of needlework, and Anna and I were fairly creditable scholars of so accomplished a teacher. So we all three were able to be useful to our old friend, and were happy to be allowed to help in the preparation of her wardrobe. The year was drawing to a close by this time, and we stitched our way through the very core of the winter. Anna was a better seamstress than I, and her rapid fingers did good service in the manufacture of caps and aprons, and such other sober decorations as Miss Wokenham thought becoming her years. I worked neatly but slowly; and our shrewd little bride elect was wont to say: "You're both dear, kind children; but, on a stitching emergency, give me Anna! Philosophy, with the very best intentions, stops at every cross-road to deliberate which turning she shall take. Will-o'-the-wisp keeps moving and does get over the ground, even though it be after a somewhat zigzag fashion."

One cold bleak day we had all been busy in the morning-room from an early hour. When, in the sudden dusk, Miss Wokenham folded up her work and prepared to go homeward my aunt stopped her and insisted that she should stay to take tea and see my uncle.

"Horace will be here too, by-and-by," said Aunt Gough—"young Mr. Lee that is; but he seems so much one of us now that I give the lad his Christian name as natural as possible. And both of them will be so glad to see you."

"I should like to stay very much, but—but M'sieu' is to walk and meet me this evening on the way home, and perhaps he'd be disappointed if I was not there."

"Perhaps he would?" echoed Aunt Gough. "Why, of course he would. But I will send some one to him with my respects, to say that you are here, and that I expect him to tea, if he will do us the pleasure of coming without ceremony."

"Thus tempted, Miss Wokenham remained; and in due time "M'sieu'" arrived. We had seen him since the announcement of his engagement to our old schoolmistress, he having made a formal visit to my aunt, and having been presented by his affianced with all due observance and punctilio. But on this occasion he came on a more intimate footing, and without the panoply of etiquette and ceremony which it had pleased him to assume at first. "M'sieu," without his mail of proof, was a very genial, simple creature, with more of youthful freshness and romantic chivalry than I have often seen remaining in dashing cavaliers of half his years. He was a handsome man of fifty, with high, clear-cut features, a florid skin, and the bluest of blue eyes.

"I take it very kind of you, Mr. Bogie," said my aunt, thus pronouncing his patronymic in all simplicity and good faith: "very kind, that you should have come to us in this friendly way, and I hope you'll be able to make yourself comfortable among us."

M'sieu' was at home in a minute.

"Ah, Elise!" said he, sitting cozily beside Miss Wokenham in the glow of the fire-light, "dese is de scenes dat makes us ruggerret to leave England."

"Yes, indeed," she replied; "I can't commend your grammar, but your sentiment is mine exactly. I shall never get him to talk good English, Mrs. Gough, no more than he will ever teach me to pronounce good French; and *that's* speaking pretty strongly, as you would know if you had ever heard my attempts."

"She speaks very well, Madame," interrupted her bridegroom elect. "She can say 'oui,' and 'je t'aime,' and dat's so much French as I ask of her."

While we were laughing at this, and Miss Wokenham was protesting with unnecessary vehemence that she never said "je t'aime" to *him*, and was declaring that her friends would think she had taken leave of the last remnant of her senses if he went on in that way, my uncle and Horace Lee entered together.

"I picked up this young gentleman on my way home from Oatlands; or, rather, he picked up me, for I was afoot, and he driving in Rotherwood's gig. He has been surveying, and measuring, and tramping through plowed fields with a chain round his middle, or some such adornment, and—"

"—And he is not fit to come into the presence of ladies, Mrs. Gough," said Horace, finishing my uncle's speech. "But there was no refusing. You know how positive your lord and master can be on occasion."

"She know!" said my uncle with a laugh. "O the sweet simplicity of three-and-twenty! As if a man was ever positive with his wife! But there, laddie, run to my room—you know the way—and polish yourself up before the candles come. No one has seen how you look yet."

It was quite dark, except just within range of the deep, red glow from the hearth; for we all loved the dreamy, fitful fire-light, and had sat talking by it until the faint gray ghost of day, peeping in at the windows, had melted into the dense blackness of a winter night.

"Where's Nanny?" asked my uncle, suddenly, when he was seated in his arm-chair, enjoying a tankard of hot mulled wine which Aunt Gough had prepared with her own hands. Aunt was busy now, spicing a similar jorum for Mr. Lee, to warm him after the cold plowed fields. "Where's Nanny? I haven't set eyes on her bonny face to-day."

She had been in the midst of us when they entered, but had vanished.

"Mademoiselle Anna was nearest de door when Monsieur Gough and Monsieur Lee came in, and she sl-slapped away wizout one word. I rummarark it," said M'sieu'.

"Slapped away! My goodness, Lewis, slipped, you mean—slipped away," cried Miss Wokenham, with comical consternation.

"Ah bien, sleeped," said De Beauguet, with perfect good-humor, smiling round on us all; "she sleeped away quite quiet."

"We'll wake her up, willful baggage!" said my uncle, who could not bear to miss Anna's bright face from the home circle, even for a moment. But almost as he spoke the door opened and my sister came in, followed by Horace Lee. "Why, whither did you two run off together?" asked Uncle Gough. "Come here, sauce-box. This is a warm reception to give the master of the house, to run away as soon as he shows his face!"

"I overtook Miss Anna on the stairs as I was coming down, Sir," Horace Lee explained, as he drew his chair up to the fire, next mine. I looked at my sister and noticed that she had been to her room to put on a scarlet ribbon which she sometimes wore in her dark curls, and which she had tied very archly and becomingly over one ear. Miss Wokenham, whose observation was singularly keen, noticed the ribbon too, but said nothing. Only I saw her watching Anna with a curious intent look in her eyes all the evening. After all, the little harmless bit of coquetry was nothing very wonderful, especially in Anna, who made no secret of the pleasure she took in her own good looks. She was very handsome. And as she sat on the soft white rug at my uncle's feet, with her pretty round arm leaning on his knee, and her animated face flushed and smiling, I thought I had never seen a bonnier sight, even in a picture. So thought uncle, too, for he sat looking down upon her with a smile of positive enchantment.

"Sing us a song, Nanny," he said at last. "Let M'sieu' hear one of our Border ditties. Not scientific music, you know, M'sieu', but simple old songs, where the words and the tune seem to belong to each other, and to grow out of each other like the leaf and blossom of a flower. Sing us 'Sir Patrick Spence,' Nanny."

"Not if you call me Nanny," said she, pouting. "For my part, I don't know what is the use of one's godfathers and godmothers giving one a pretty name if it's to be uglified into Nan and Nanny. I'd as soon be called Sukey."

"But pretty names are for pretty people. Don't you know that, Nanny? Well, there! Anna then. Don't flame up like a volcano, but sing us 'Sir Patrick Spence,' my bairn."

But Anna was ruffled, and would not sing Sir Patrick Spence, or any other song. Her temper was very capricious, and had been pampered by constant indulgence. My aunt and uncle began to coax her in their gentle, loving way, and Monsieur De Beauguet added a polite hope that Mademoiselle would give him the great pleasure of hearing her charming voice; but she only shook her rich ringlets, and kept her eyes obstinately fixed on the floor.

"You ask her, Horace," said my uncle, on a sudden. "Try if she won't sing for you."

Horace was sitting silent beside me, and had not seemed to hear the discussion. He had a very absent way with him sometimes, and he sat playing with a little hair chain, twisting it round and round his fingers. It was mine. I wore it round my neck, supporting a gold locket which contained some of our dead parents' hair. Anna and I had each one alike. The clasp of mine had come unloosed, and it had fallen on the carpet. I did not replace it at once on my neck, and Horace took it up from the table where I had laid it, and sat twisting it as I have said. He started when my uncle spoke, but leaned forward directly, and said, "Oh, I beg pardon. Pray do sing, Miss Anna."

"What shall I sing?" she asked, softly, lifting her head a little, but keeping her eyes cast down.

"There! You see you have succeeded, Horace," said my uncle. "*I* thought you would." But he looked surprised and just a little hurt.

"Won't you sing what your uncle asked for?" demanded Horace.

"No. I'll sing the Yellow-haired laddie," answered Anna, decisively. She was just about to begin, when she glanced up at him, and stopped.

"Where did you get Margaret's chain? Put it down. I hate to see you twisting things backward and forward in your hands; it fidgets me to death."

Horace laid it down without a word, and there was a minute's silence. It was broken by Anna's clear vibrating tones, as she burst into an old legendary ballad, the name of which I have forgotten (it was not the Yellow-haired laddie), but which was wild, and fierce, and stormy, and which she sang with amazing power and passion. As the last note thrilled through the room she rose and went away without a word of good-night to any one, shutting the door sharply behind her. We were well used to her capricious moods, her sudden alternations of cloud and sunshine; but there was something strange and oppressive in this.

When our three guests bade us good-night, intending to walk part of their way home in company, Miss Wokenham lingered behind with me, while De Beauguet and Horace were wrapping themselves to face the cold, in the hall. Aunt and uncle were both standing just outside the sitting-room door, and the maid had been sent to fetch Miss Wokenham's hood and mantle; so my old schoolmistress and I were alone together. She knelt upon a chair, and putting her two hands on my shoulders as I stood before her, looked earnestly into my face.

"I wonder," she said, slowly—"I wonder if my Philosophy is only a fair-weather sailor! I wonder whether her courage would rise into her head or sink into her heels, if, all at once, in the midst of a prosperous voyage, favoring gales, halcyon seas, and the rest of it, she were to hear the warning cry, 'Breakers ahead!'" Then with a rapid change to her ordinary brisk manner, she added: "Why, what a sweet sage Margaret it is! You mustn't look so pale, my child. Good-night! God bless you." And she was gone.

I hunted before going to bed for my hair chain. The locket was there, safe on the table, but I could not find the little guard that it used to hang upon. This vexed me rather, and Anna's unreasonable humor grieved me. I did not like her to be harshly judged by others, as I felt afraid she would be. I lay awake a long time. But all the while Miss Wokenham's words ran uneasily in my memory, like a haunting tune: "Breakers ahead! Breakers ahead!"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE scorching heat of July induced many New Yorkers to make a hasty *raid* upon the country. August, usually hot, sultry, and uncomfortable, will surely, they reasoned, be positively unendurable this year in the city, heralded as it was by mercury in the immediate vicinity of 100. So we, in common with the multitude, packed up, and plunged into the "*forests of Maine*" to "*cool off.*" Well, we have got "cooled off," emphatically so; and if Phœbus does not exert himself soon, and make August seem a little less like October, we propose going back to New York to get *warmed up.* Why, last night the people (it is not altogether wild land here, as some may fancy, there are plenty of pleasant people, pretty villages, and flourishing farms) were actually talking about covering up the tender products of their gardens, lest there should be a frost, and the first thing every body did this morning was to look out of the window to see if the ground was not white. Even a little ten-year-old city boy, who has been wonderfully interested in the corn which he planted, and has watched until it is far above his head, shouted from his bed, before his eyes were half open, "Mamma, was there a frost last night?" as if the welfare of the country depended on his particular crop of corn.

But it *is* cold. Linen coats and muslin dresses are at a discount, and over-coats and shawls are in demand. Ladies who have come from the city anticipating only hot weather, look regretfully at the pretty white waists, the organdies and grenadines, that lie unfolded in their trunks, and declare, with more truth than they ordinarily make the assertion, that they have "nothing to wear!" And though with their usual ingenuity they manage to make themselves comfortable by the use of breakfast capes and jaunty little jackets, they find that it was a great mistake in leaving thick dresses and warm flannels at home.

It is curious about the weather here. You rise early in the morning—for what is the use of going into the country unless you can find out where the sun rises?—besides, if you do not get up in *pretty* good season, you will miss the family breakfast entirely, and find the enterprising people at dinner! But the mornings are chilly. You envy the good housewife who is broiling the steak—and herself—over the kitchen fire. *She* can not conceive of any body's being cold; but you would not object to turning cook *pro tem.* to benefit your tardy circulation. However, you put on an extra garment, and climb the little hill that rises abruptly just behind the garden, and soon return eager for breakfast. As the sun nears the zenith it may be hot enough to make thin clothing almost a necessity for a few hours. But after you have gazed upon the magnificent sunset, which here is glorious beyond comparison, a damp chill comes over you, and when you go within doors, if a bright fire is burning in the cozy little parlor, you feel like toasting your feet by it, as on an autumn eve. And then at night you need not fancy you can sleep with only a mosquito netting over you. There are no mosquitoes here; the tropical little creatures would freeze while singing their first serenade, if they ventured into these parts. You want planty of warm blankets, and then you will sleep "like a top," as the saying is: though why a top sleeps any better than other playthings we have never been able to ascertain.

Cool in the morning, hot at mid-day, showery in the afternoon, and cool at night—this is what the average of August days in Maine have been this year. But it is not always thus, and September will bring more balmy days.

If any fancy not this picture of country life, to them we will whisper of another side; of delightful drives, wild and magnificent scenery, romantic walks, fishing and picnics; of delicious fresh air, untainted by bone-boiling or fat-melting; of country milk that would put city cream to shame, and cream that *is* cream; of blue-berries, and early apples, and wonderful mealy potatoes, and,—and—we will leave other pleasures of the country for future consideration.

Although Saratoga has been very unfortunate in regard to fires, there still remain accommodations for *a few* visitors. The hotels will give "food and lodging" to some four thousand. And about every second house in Saratoga is a private boarding-house, many of which are very nice and stylish. There is, however, a fine opening for hotels at "the Springs;" a half a dozen more would all be well patronized, and those now in operation be all the more busy for such an addition.

There has been a great deal said of late about the increasing wickedness of the world in general, and of large cities in particular. Newspapers have brought forward sundry indefinite statistics to prove that theft, and murder, and fighting, and disgraceful conduct generally, was on the increase. *Perhaps* this is true, sometimes it almost seems so. But we might as well take into consideration the great increase of population, and *then* make our calculations. The following item would lead us to suppose that "fights and rows" are not quite so fashionable now as they used to be in olden times. "There is yet standing, near Oxford Street, London, a very old sign of 'David Williams, Eye Painter.' Antiquarians, after long puzzling over this, have discovered that it refers to a period of society when gentlemen had so many rows and fights that black eyes were common; and the artist found it a sufficient employment to paint such bruises to a flesh-color, in order that gentlemen might go into company without remark."

An Eastern paper indulges in the belief that many young men marry various scraps and bits of a wife instead of the genuine article. It says: "Some young men marry dimples; some ears; some noses; the contest, however, generally lies between the eyes and hair. The mouth, too, is occasionally married; the chin not so often." A caution is then given to heedless youth to beware of marrying a curl, however natural-looking; a neck, however swan-like; or a voice, however melodious.

A young lady advertises in a country village newspaper for one hundred young men of all shapes and sizes, to form a "gaping corps," to be in attendance at the several church doors, and on the principal streets in that village, to stare at females as they pass, and make "delicate" remarks on their dress and person. In order to prevent a general rush, it is stated "that none will be enlisted who possess intellectual capacity above that of a well-bred donkey." There *are* villages in some parts of the United States where such an advertisement would be superfluous—there being a complete regiment of "gapers" in constant attendance at church doors, at the entrance of shops, and in all the public thoroughfares, necessitating every lady who passes to almost force her way through the lazy, staring crowd.

They have a singular *currency* in Chicago, Illinois. Not long since a young lady of that city selected a pair of shoes at a store, and took them to the door to show them to a friend, as she said, asking the obliging clerk, meanwhile, to keep her little satchel for her. She did not return, however, and the satchel being found empty, the clerk was indignant about the unpaid-for shoes. A few days after he met her in the street and demanded payment. She had no money, but asked if he would take her waterfall as security. He would. So she quietly detached it and gave it to him. The next day she called at the store and redeemed her back hair.

A Western paper contains the following announcement: "ENGAGED—Miss Anna Gould to John Candal, City Marshal, both of Leavenworth, Kansas. From this time henceforth and forever—until Miss Anna Gould becomes a widow—all young men are requested to withdraw their particular attention."

If English law prevailed in this country a good many lawyers would, we think, be obliged to alter their tactics entirely, for the English lords of the bench decided at Westminster recently that it was a principle of common law that a counselor, in questioning a witness, should address him in ordinary tones, and in language of respect, such as is employed by a gentleman in conversation with another; that such lawyer has no right to question the private business or moral character of a witness any further than it is apparent they absolutely affect his reliability or touch the case in hand; and that a witness is not bound to answer questions put to him in an insulting manner.

A wonderful report comes from Australia in regard to a certain "amicanthus rock," which, on being exposed to atmospheric influence, changes into asbestos, which is a fibrous substance, white in appearance, soft and pliant as silk, and is inconsumable by fire. An Australian paper remarks:

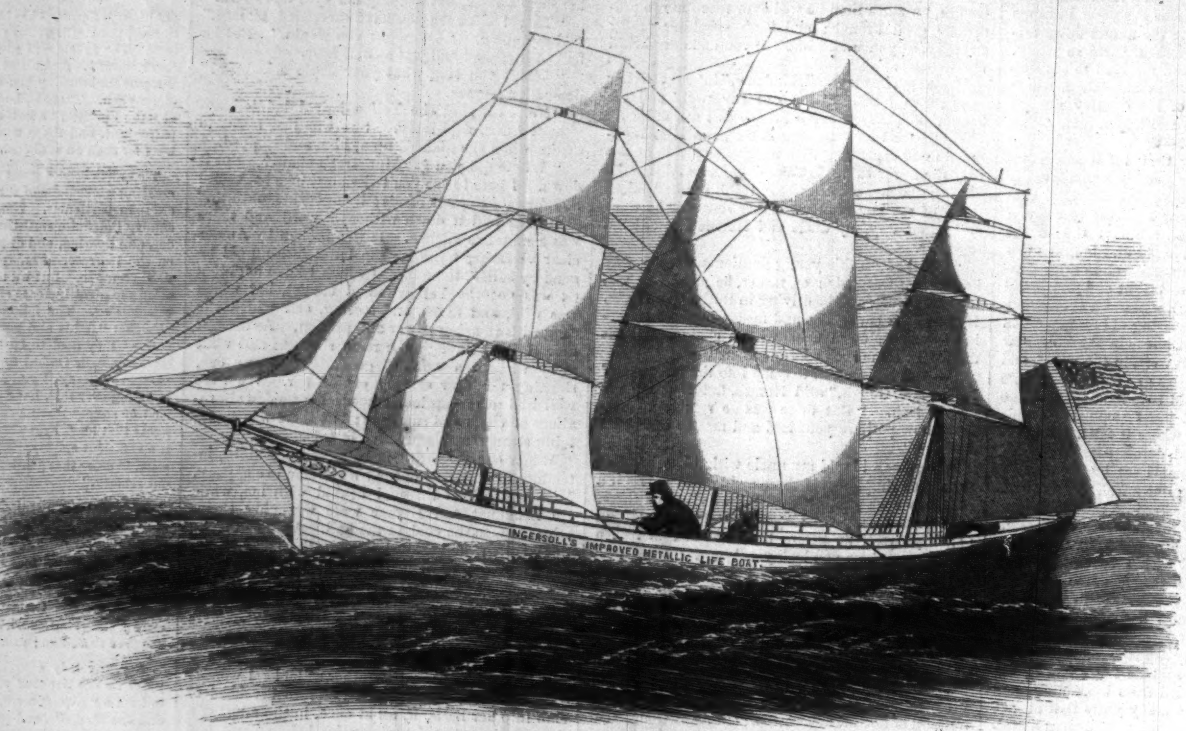
"Should asbestos ever come into general use it will, in some measure, no doubt, from its incombustible nature, supersede the evils of crinoline. Besides this great advantage, it will also set aside the vexatious expense and use of soap and water, for all a lady will have to do when she unrobes herself will be to pitch her articles of apparel into a glowing fire, and when they have become as white as a snow-flake she may resume them at pleasure."

It is said, on medical authority, that a few drops of permanganate of potash will speedily purify turbid or disagreeable water, and make it as clear and sweet as spring water. Travelers might derive great benefit from a judicious use of it.

The Parisian ladies have made a new and startling invention in dress. They have made bonnets smaller and smaller and beautifully less, until at last they consist of nothing more than a ribbon round the head, with a veil attached to it. The veil is generally black, so that the fair French dames resemble greatly Spanish ladies.

A lady in Paris recently appeared at a concert in the unique costume of a black and white muslin dress (black and white being the Prussian colors), embroidered all over with needle-guns, and with Prussian soldiers mowing down Austrians with the murderous weapon; and the little cockade, which now serves as a substitute for a bonnet, was trimmed with steel *aiguillettes* of needle-gun pattern.

Some rather unpleasant developments have recently been made in regard to the manufacture of gingerbread in France, which, in the form of gingerbread toys for children, has there an extensive sale. An official investigation has proved that the inferior kinds of gingerbread are simply disgusting compounds of rye-flour, treacle, potato-flour, pounded alum, *salts of pewter*, stale gingerbread, and Marseilles soap! The paste thus made is stiff, but it requires to be made stiffer. This is soon done. The gingerbread-maker pulls off his shoes, jumps into the trough, and works away valiantly, and, however dirty his feet may have been, they soon become thoroughly cleansed by the Marseilles soap which the gingerbread contains. Without entering more minutely into details it will be sufficient to say that the tins in which it is baked are greased with linseed oil; and that after it is baked a layer of Lyons glue, applied with a soft brush, gives that bright gloss so enticing to children.


INGERSOLL'S IMPROVED METALLIC LIFE BOAT

THE "RED, WHITE, AND BLUE."

THE NEW LIFE-BOAT.

The *Red, White, and Blue* is what is termed an "Ingersoll Metallic Life-Boat," being the invention of Mr. O. R. Ingersoll, of New York. The boat is built of galvanized iron, has large air cylinders at each end and along the sides, which, combined with certain valves in the bottom, render the boat capable of freeing herself from water in a few minutes. This identical boat was exhibited at the American Institute Fair in 1865, where a gold medal was awarded it; and as it is the intention to have it exhibited at the Paris Exhibition, it will undoubtedly take the prize, having been subjected to a severer test than any life-boat ever before. While the *Great Eastern*—the largest ship the world ever saw, and an honor to old England—was approaching our shores, the *Red, White, and Blue*, the smallest ship that ever crossed the Atlantic, and the wonder of this country, was at the same time winging her course to Europe. She was manned by Captains J. M. Hudson and Fitch, both well-known navigators, and natives of New York. The passage was made in 37 days, most of the time in rough weather, as the *Great Eastern* reports. The sails were made and presented to the boat by D. M. Cummiskey, of this city, who has manifested great confidence in the success of the voyage. The vessel was stocked with all sorts of condensed meats, vegetables, and fruits. The boat averaged $3\frac{9}{10}$ miles an hour, which is much faster than many of 1500 or even 2500 ton vessels (the *Red, White, and Blue* is 2½ tons), which seldom make the voyage in less than 45 days.

"THREE-CARD MONTE."

The scene presented in the accompanying sketch is one frequently seen on Coney Island. The sharper who performs the trick, having gathered about him a crowd, selects from his pack a figured card—say the Queen of Diamonds, which he facetiously nick-names "Polly Berdyne," or something else, as the humor takes him. He shuffles the cards in such a way that it is perfectly easy for the spectators to follow the card in all its wanderings; and, as if to aid the eye, the card usually bears upon the back some mark which gives the spectator unusual confidence as to the accuracy of his vision. The sharper offers to bet against the spectator's eyes. "I'll bet you five dollars," he says, "you can't follow Miss Polly." The spectators are pretty sure they *can;* and one of them bets, and as the cards are laid out in three packs upon the stand, they all watch the card narrowly. After the deal, the spectator points out the card, and, sure enough, it is Miss Polly. Sharper looks a little frustrated, but is willing to bet again. The operation is repeated with a similar result. The spectators get excited, and think the sharper is having a losing game. "He doesn't see," they whisper among themselves, "that little black speck on Miss Polly's back." So they are in for another trial, and the sharper, as if in bravado, declares he is willing to bet a hundred dollars on the result. He will have no more small play. The confident spectators may not be able to stake so large a sum, but by clubbing together some of the more excited ones make up a purse of from thirty to fifty dollars, and the cards are dealt again. But the sharper is too much for his opponents this time. By some sleight of hand he slips in another card, similar in appearance on the reverse, black speck and all. The spectators follow this as curiously and confidently as on the previous occasions, but upon pointing out the card find to their astonishment that Miss Polly has vanished—and likewise their money!

"RESCUED FROM THE WOLF."

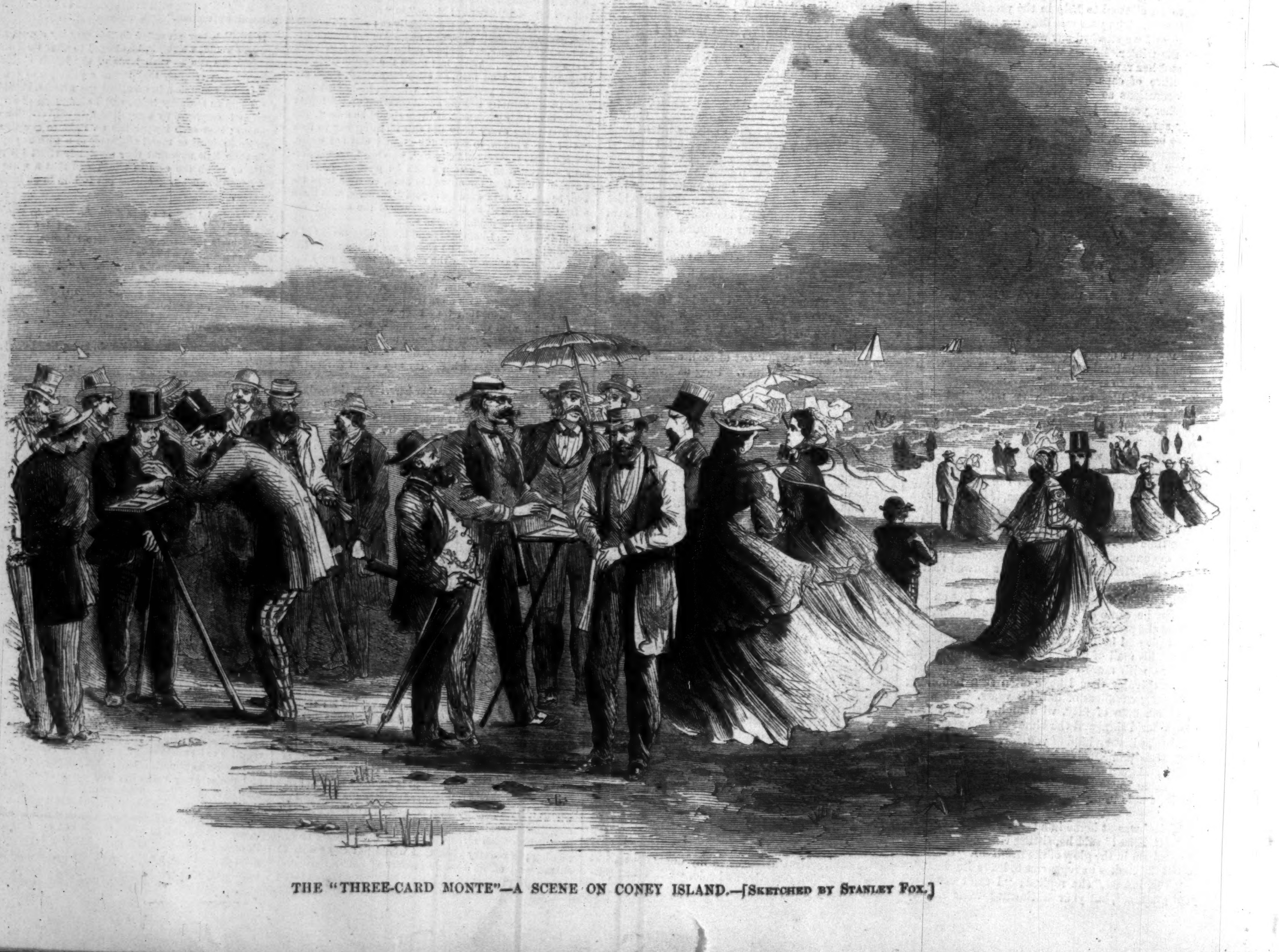
Every one is familiar with anecdotes of the faithfulness, perseverance, intelligence, and courage of dogs employed to guard and protect the silly, defenseless, gregarious sheep. Somewhat different breeds of dogs—all, however, possessing the same valuable qualities—are used in various countries; the larger and more powerful kinds being of course required where danger from wolves still remains. But many instances are related of dogs far inferior in size beating off from the flock and killing the savage but cowardly wolf. Some naturalists may tell us that the wolf is really identical with the dog, but generations of domestication have deprived the latter of ferocity without diminishing his courage. Certainly the most wonderful fact relating to domestic animals is the transmission of acquired qualities from the parent to the offspring; the peculiar sagacity of the shepherd's dog seems, however, rather intuitive than acquired.

That the scene of the picture is laid, say, in Switzerland or the Black Forest is apparent from the slight indication of costume answering to those localities worn by the shepherd, who is also coming to the rescue; and in the winter season (also represented) such an incident as that selected by Mr. Carter must be of occasional occurrence. A ram or wether has strayed from the flock—perhaps benumbed with cold; the wolf has fallen upon the straggler, and, before even the watchful dog can interpose, has mangled and disabled it; but, just in the very nick of time, "the shepherd's best friend" rushes to the rescue, dashes at the "thief and murderer," and, seizing him by the throat, pins him till dead, or till the shepherd comes up; when, as if acknowledging the natural supremacy of man, the wolf will almost invariably give himself up to destruction without further resistance.

HAZELEY MILL.

I.

A busy place is the old wooden mill at Hazeley from the rising to the setting of the sun, as the clacking wheels whir steadily round to the music of the falling waters, and the miller's men bustle in and out, and up and down at their dusty labors.



THE "THREE-CARD MONTE"—A SCENE ON CONEY ISLAND.—[Sketched by Stanley Fox.]

And a cheerful place is the mill when the light of day is gleaming and glistening on the rapid stream beside it; and wagons from the neighboring villages, or broad-faced farmers, in their chaise-carts, come to and fro to traffic with the wealthy miller; or tarry—for old acquaintance sake—on their way home from the town to discuss the rise in prices, or the latest news gathered there; or to have a social chat and cup of tea with the miller's pleasant, hospitable wife.

But when night falls and work is over, the spot wears, to unaccustomed eyes, a dull and solitary aspect. On two sides the little river environs it closely; on the third, the miller's garden and fields extend for a considerable distance; and on the other, the narrow highway alone separates the miller's domain from a few acres of woodland, the poor remnant of what had once been an extensive forest.

Not a house is nearer than a cluster of laborers' cottages, half a mile away; and the village of Hazeley, in itself but one straggling street, lies still further from the solitary mill. But those who once dwelt within it knew no fears. For years they had found shelter and safety under its roof, even when floods from the adjacent hills roared around the very door-step, and isolated them for days from the dry ground beyond.

Their most troublesome visitors were but a foot-sore tramp, whose thanks and blessings were easily won by a seat in the porch, and a hearty meal; or—and this was but rarely—a gang of gipsies, whom the prudent dame, with a view to the safety of her hen-roost, while they encamped in the vicinity, was careful to conciliate.

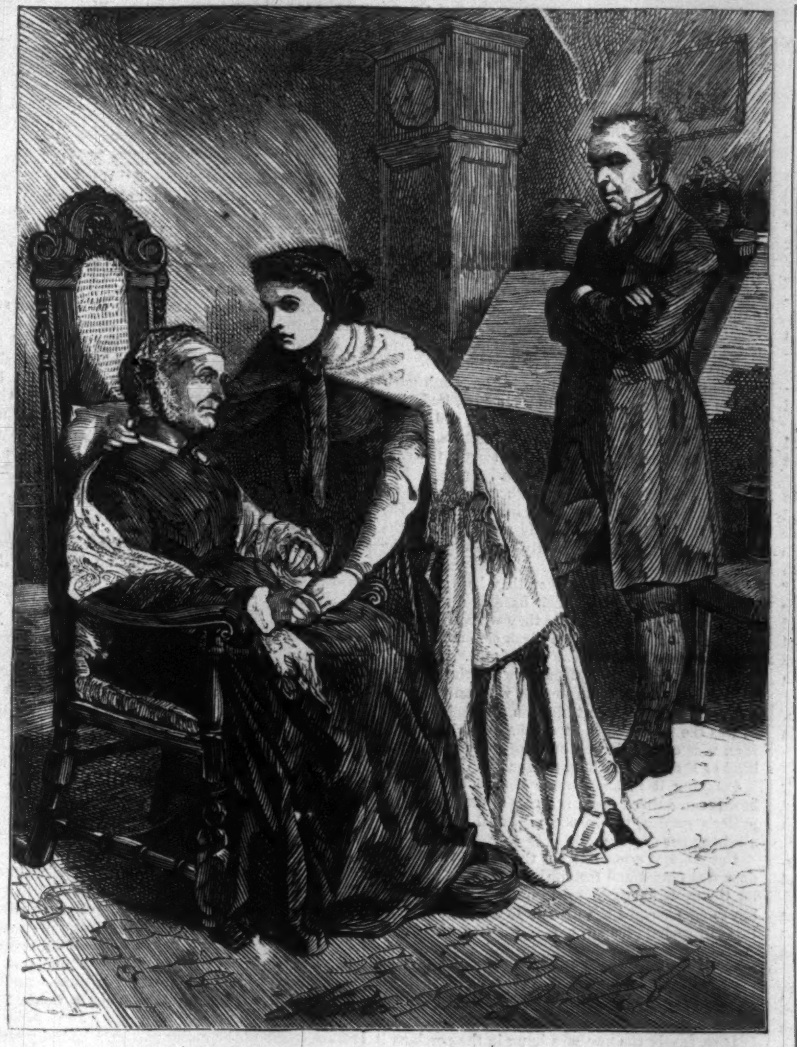
Besides, Abel Weston, the miller, was large-limbed and strong-armed; and in the peaceful valley where he lived and prospered greater crimes than the petty pilfering of saucy boys in the orchards or farm-yards were almost unknown.

From the time she was a merry, active child, delighted to help Mrs. Weston in her garden, or peep with awe-delighted eyes into the mysteries of grinding and bolting, Katie Morris, the neatest and prettiest little girl in Hazeley, had been a member of the miller's household.

At first she was welcomed as an amusing visitor; then prized for her tender assiduities, when the dame's eyes began to fail and her once active limbs to stiffen; and, eventually, as Katie was one of a large family whose parents could scarcely contrive to maintain them all, it was arranged that she should receive a regular wage for her willing services.

From thenceforth she resided entirely with the aged couple; and as she blossomed into fair womanhood, her light footfall and merry songs filling the house with pleasant sounds, the miller and his wife grew to love their *protégée* as dearly as if she were their own child.

But her friends were not without that frequent blemish—family pride. In their great Bible there were registered generations of stanch yeomen, who had intermarried with the most reputable and ancient families in the county; and Katie, who had never heard a reproachful word from her indulgent employers, saw their brows bent upon her sternly and disapprovingly when their nephew and heir, handsome Hugh, so far forgot himself as to linger by her side in the porch at twilight, and to steal a kiss from her cheek as they parted.



Abel Weston could easily separate the young people, and he did so, by sending Hugh to London to see a little of the world, under the guardianship of a bustling trader, who claimed kinship with him. But would this root out the love with which Katie had inspired the lad? And if not, what was to be done?

Hugh was ardent and impetuous, and if aroused by aught he deemed unjust, or even ungenerous, obstinate to a degree. Against his choice what had they to urge but her poverty and her birth? They had well liked Katie, and she deserved that they should; but they never forgot that her mother was the daughter of a carter who had grown gray in their own service, or that her father! ay, here lay the greatest difficulty of all—

Abel Weston had his hobbies, as other men have; his violin, which he treasured and caressed, and played with the enthusiasm of a fanatic; and his politics.

A Conservative, as his sires had been before him, he stanchly upheld Church and State, and refused to believe that the party for whom he voted—whether in power or out of power—could ever do wrong. And his opinions and prejudices, strenuously adhered to, and always vehemently expressed, were sometimes rehearsed at the White Horse at Hazeley, where the wealthy miller was generally listened to with respect. But Harvey Morris, the father of Katie, a journeyman carpenter, in a paper cap and patched jacket, not only chose to consider himself superior to the farming men who sat in the tap, asd so quaffed his occasional pint at the door of the bar, but joined in the conversation carried on by the favored few admitted to a seat within it. And not content with this intrusion, he had on more than one occasion ventured to contravene some of the miller's assertions, and to argue the rights and wrongs of the working-classes with all the rhetoric of an intelligent but uneducated and dissatisfied man.

This Morris, with his radical notions and errors, must *he* be permitted to link himself with their family, and perhaps infuse his wild fancies into the mind of the young and enthusiastic Hugh? Abel Weston had begun by fostering a distaste for the saucy workman, whose noisy denunciations of the Government measures had shocked and disgusted him; but little by little the rancorous feeling spread until it deepened into hate; and in his wrath he declared to his grieving dame that he would sooner disinherit the boy than see him the husband of Katie Morris!

Katie was accounted by those who knew her best a high-spirited, quick-tempered girl; but now she bore changed looks and cold words uncomplainingly. To leave the mill was to quit Hazeley, and very possibly to see Hugh no more.

Besides, were not they who rebuked her his nearest and dearest relatives? and for his sake what could she not endure? By-and-by—so she hopefully argued—they would see that the love which had sprung up in their bosoms was no light passion which would wither beneath the first cloud in the sky; and, subdued by her patience and Hugh's entreaties, his uncle would withdraw his tacit opposition, and they should be happy once more.

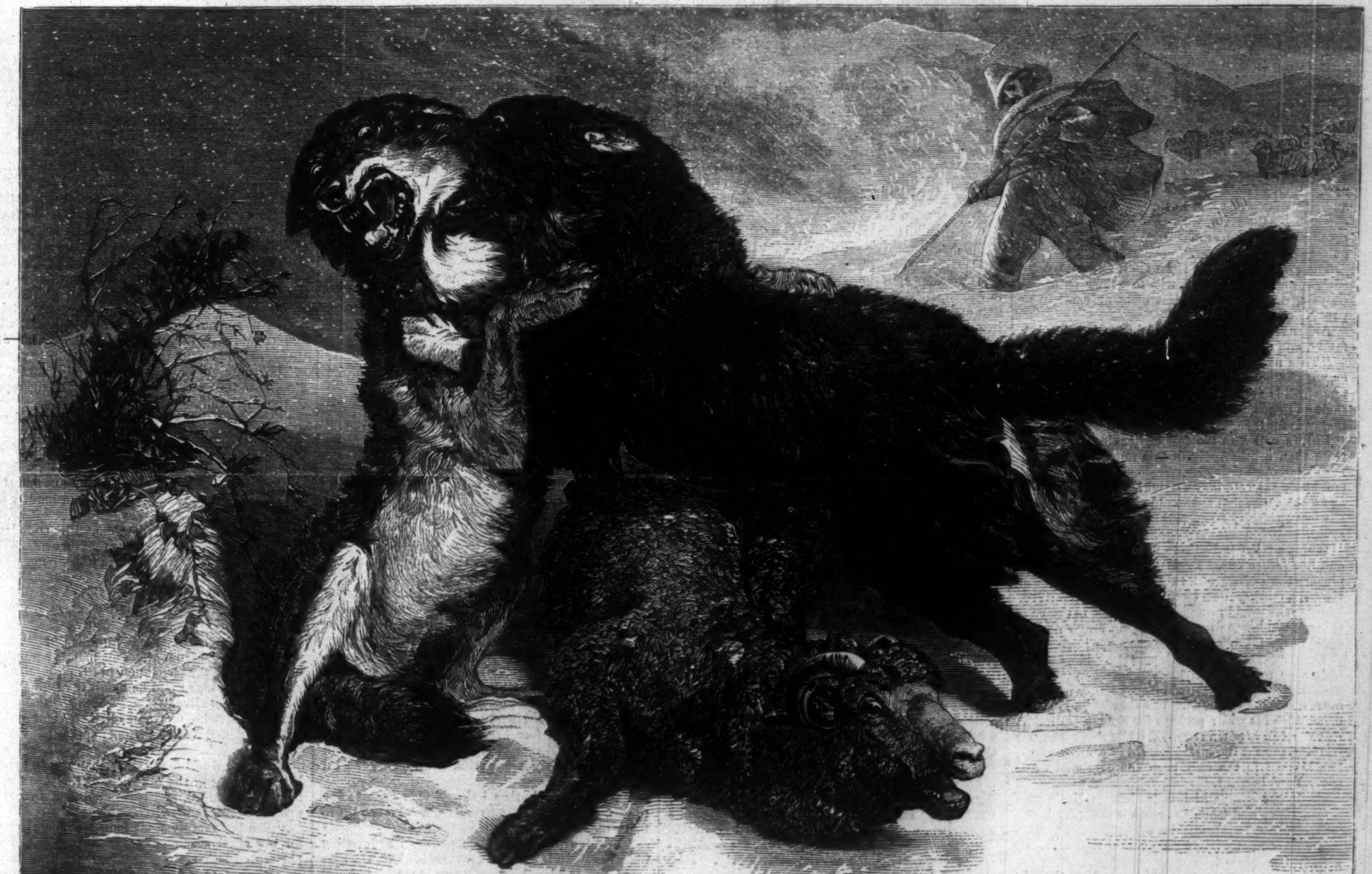
And thus it might have been, but for the interference of her father. Some gossip-loving neighbor seized the first opportunity of condoling with him on the sorrowful looks of his daughter, Hugh Weston's departure, and the miller's harshness.

His pride in arms that a slight should be cast upon his child, Morris threw down the plane with which he was industriously flogging floor-boards, and without vouchsafing a comment to his officious and now half-alarmed informant, put on his jacket and went to the mill.

At the gate he encountered Katie on her way to the village shop; and drawing her across the road to the shelter of the wood, angrily questioned her.

"You have been in tears! Nay, no denials! These purse-proud Westons have cast your poverty in your teeth, and told you that you are no fit match for their nephew; is it not so?"

She attempted a faint disclaimer, but he would not listen to it.



"RESCUED FROM THE WOLF."—BY J. S. CARTER.—[SEE PAGE 572.]

"I have heard the whole truth of the matter, so why try to deceive me! Come home, child! Nay, you shall stay there no longer. Why, who and what are they to despise you? There is more sense in your little finger, Katie, than in all their shallow pates together! They shall pay dearly for their insolent treatment of you!" and he shook his fist menacingly in the direction of the mill.

"Who has been telling you this, father? I have made no complaints. Is it known in the village?"

"Ay, child, for it was there I learned it. Leave this house at once. There is food and shelter for you at home."

"No," Katie replied, spiritedly, "I will never be a burden to you, nor stay in Hazeley to be pointed at. I will go right away."

"That's my brave girl! Never fret for Hugh Weston! The lad's well enough, but there are better husbands to be had than he."

But with the sound of that name Katie's resolves melted away, and sitting down on a felled tree she wept piteously.

Not knowing how to console her, Morris paced about, his ire increasing with every sob that burst from the lips of his daughter as she wept.

At last he broke out furiously: "I must be a blind fool or I should have seen this long ago and taken you away. But they shall repent every tear they have made you shed, as sure as my name's Harvey Morris! I'll have a day of reckoning with Abel Weston for this. Come home, I say, at once!"

"Oh! no, no, father!" she pleaded; "the dame is not well; I could not leave with no one at hand to help her. I will quietly say that you have bid me come away, and I promise you that some time in the evening I will let you know when I can be spared."

At first Morris would not hear of this concession. The yearning tenderness Katie felt for those at whose board she had sat so long he could not comprehend, and was half disposed to rate her soundly for her want of spirit. But she was resolute; and, still muttering threats against those who contemned her, he plunged more deeply into the wood, too much discomposed to return to his daily labors.

Katie went on her errand; heard her delay crossly commented on without reply; and then faltered out her intention of quitting the mill.

Dame Weston clasped her feeble fingers and sighed piteously. The miller, although more moved than he would have confessed even to himself, heard her with apparent composure and satisfaction.

"It will be for the better, my wench," he said; "better for you, and for all of us. And you're going quite away? Right; quite right. Get into the town and see a little more of life; and if you marry a decent steady lad, let's know, Katie, and the missus shall send ye a wedding-dinner, and I'll find something toward the house furniture."

"God bless ye, Katie, wherever ye go," said the old lady, tremulously. "I shall miss ye sadly. I wish—"

She caught the warning look of her husband and paused; and, by common consent, Katie's future was not discussed again.

With an aching heart the poor girl all through that day went slowly about the house bidding a mute farewell to the cozy chambers her willing hands would arrange no more. On the morrow, when the wagon went to the town with a load of flour, the carter was commissioned to bring back with him an elderly cousin of Mrs. Weston's, who could take Katie's place for the present.

Ah! they would soon replace her. Perhaps when Hugh returned another would be filling her duties so deftly that they would almost cease to remember her.

But where would she learn equal forgetfulness? The mill had been her home so long, that even now, with her trunk packed for removal, and her sad and silent farewells said to those nooks in the garden and by the river, where Hugh had first whispered his love, it was difficult to realize that she was going away, and forever.

The evening closed in; the cloth was spread for supper, and Abel Weston, who had lingered in the counting-house until the last moment, came in to partake of it.

And now Katie remembered her promise to her father, and reached down her bonnet and shawl.

"Thee needn't hurry back, child," said the miller, with something of remorseful kindness in the tones of his voice. "If thee art a bit late, dame shall go to bed, and I'll smoke a pipe in the garden and wait for thee."

Katie's soul was too full of heaviness to make more than a brief reply to this unexpected offer; but she stooped over Mrs. Weston ere she departed, and kissing the old lady's wrinkled cheek, whispered an assurance that she would return in time to assist her up stairs; an office that would never be hers again.

It was a relief to Katie to find the children abed and her father out. From her mother she could procure the address of an old friend who resided at D——, a market town twenty miles from Hazeley. Thither she would go and seek a service in some secluded farm-house where the name of Hugh Weston could never reach her.

Unceasing struggles with poverty, and wearying endeavors to support a large family honestly and decently, chafed and fretted Harvey Morris into murmurs at his hard fortune. But they had a different effect upon his wife; perhaps for the reason that he met them in his own strength, while she, with truer wisdom, sought the sustaining aid of a Divine arm, and learned in the only book she ever read to be patient and hopeful.

From her sympathizing tenderness Katie won consolation; and when she rose up to depart it was with changed feelings, and a determination to emulate that dear mother's resignation and unfailing trust in Providence.

As she crossed the threshold a sudden thought made her pause and return into the kitchen. "Mother, I'll not go back along the road. Betty Jones is standing at her open door, and I don't care for her to see my swollen eyes. I'll run down the garden and cross the fields, and so home by the wood."

"It's a long round and an unked (lonely) one," her mother dubiously remarked; but Katie was resolute, and with another hasty "God bless you!" she sped away.

The night was closing in somberly, but Katie was familiar with the narrow track she had chosen, and trod it unerringly, even where the trees clustered thickly together, and threw their shadows darkly across it; and her thoughts were wandering in that blissful future which her faith in Hugh's fidelity whispered was not impossible, when the tramp of heavy feet aroused her from her reverie.

Katie was no coward, and it was from no foolish timidity that she instantly stepped aside and crouched behind a convenient thicket. The same disinclination to betray her tears to the curious eyes of Mistress Betty Jones now actuated her desire to avoid the rude stare of others, and she saw no harm in thus avoiding a threatened rencontre.

The next moment three men in the rough garb of the working-class came hurrying by, huddling together, breathing loudly and quickly, and glancing fearfully to the right and to the left, as if some terrible shadow which they vainly sought to avoid was dogging their uncertain steps. Scarcely had they passed the hidden listener when she started up with the word, "Father!" upon her lips, for, on the one nearest to her she certainly recognized in the dim twilight the old but neatly-patched jacket he commonly wore.

But without perceiving her they had gone on; and wondering a little at their haste and the direction they were pursuing—for they were already far down a by-path leading to a bleak common beyond—she went on her own way to the mill.

A couple of hundred yards more and the stile was reached; but here Katie stopped with an exclamation of surprise, for, fluttering on a bramble beside it, was the treasured India silk handkerchief which Mrs. Weston was in the habit of folding over her head as she dozed in her arm-chair in the evening.

Carrying it in her hand, and speculating as to how it came there, she ran across to the gate of the miller's garden, where she expected to find him awaiting her coming.

But Abel Weston was not there, and the house-door was closed and fastened. This was unusual, for the miller, accustomed to be much in the open air, seldom sought the fireside in hours so mild as this fair spring gloaming.

Katie rapped for admittance, and the summons remaining unanswered, she stepped back to reconnoitre the chamber windows. Was it later than she had imagined, and had they—now so indifferent about her—retired to rest?

If so, surely the key was hung in the porch as it had sometimes been for Hugh; and, standing on tip-toe, she groped for the nail. It was empty; and now disposed to resent their seeming unkindness, she rattled the latch loudly and repeatedly, and then put her ear to the key-hole, and listened for the coming of the miller.

The ceaseless rushing of the water over the weir, and the steady ticking of the Dutch clock hanging in the nook by the dresser, alone broke the solemn stillness of the hour; for so calm was the night that even the leaves on the beech-trees opposite seemed to be at rest. But suddenly a low, lengthened groan, followed by a choking sigh, echoed through the quiet house; and Katie, with a shriek of terror, fled from the door, and down the lane to Hazeley.

II.

PALE as a corpse, breathless with running, and unconsciously retaining in her hand the silken kerchief, she reached the cluster of cottages already alluded to.

On a bench outside one of these, where a widow eked out the parish allowance by selling a variety of odds and ends, including table ale, two or three laborers were lounging to have a gossip and a neighborly pipe when Katie appeared.

"To the mill! to the mill!" she frantically cried. "The door is fastened—I can not open it—and some one is dying within!"

A few words put the astonished men in possession of what little she knew, and they began to don their hats and rouse up a sleeping blacksmith, whose services might be required to gain them admittance.

The widow had now heard the unusual stir, and she joined the group gathering around the terror-stricken Katie.

"Lordsakes, child!" she cried; "but you've hurt yourself, ain't ye? No? Why, what's this on your pretty handkercher?"

Ay, what indeed! The prudent and pitiful woman forcibly detained the frenzied girl, while the men—their faces blanched by this dark evidence of some fearful occurrence—hurried off to ascertain what had really happened.

It was well for Katie that, despite her struggles and angry remonstrances, those kind hands detained her; for fearful indeed was the sight that met the beholders, when they had burst open the door and entered the miller's living room.

There had been spoilers in the home of the aged couple—spoilers and murderers. On his own floor, killed in defense of his hard earnings, lay Abel Weston; and his wife, in feebly endeavoring to protect him, had perished too.

Like one stunned by the vastness of the misfortune, stood Katie, insensible to the condoling and pitying speeches of those who crowded around her, chafing her cold hands and bathing her temples; until a simple, kindly-natured lad, who worked at the mill, in a burst of sorrow for the good old maister and missus, mentioned the name of their absent nephew.

"Then Katie awoke from her lethargy. "Hugh! oh, Hugh!" she moaned, and bursting through the throng, ran wildly down the road toward Hazeley.

"She's gone to her mother's," said one to another. "It's best so, for she'll feel it sorely. Poor thing!"

Mrs. Morris divined something amiss from her first glimpse of Katie's haggard looks, and throwing aside her work, she folded her arms about the trembling young creature.

"My child, my dear child, what is it?"

"Father!" gasped Katie; "where is he?"

Ere the mother could reply he entered, as ghastly as the girl whose eyes were fearfully surveying him.

With a shudder he raised his hands to the light, and without speaking plunged them into a bowl of water.

"Katie! Harvey!" cried Mrs. Morris, her voice unsteady with apprehension. "What has happened? Harvey, why do you not answer? Where is your jacket?"

"I have lost it," he said, sullenly.

"Lost it! But how?'

"No matter how. It is lost. Was it worth so much that you make so many words about it?"

"But there is something wrong. Oh, I am sure that there is! What is it?"

Ere a reply could be given the tidings of the double murder were loudly told outside the window by one passer-by to another; and Katie and her mother clung together in a closer embrace, while Morris, sinking on a bench, hid his face in his hands.

When he looked up it was to exclaim in low tones, "For God's sake, Katie, never repeat to any one the words I said this morning. Why do you look at me so dreadfully, child?"

He came toward her as he spoke, but with extended arms she repulsed him.

"Father, they came through the wood—the murderers! and I crouched down and hid until they had passed."

Her mother uttered a devout exclamation for her safety; but Morris eagerly questioned, "Did you know them!"

Katie flung herself on her knees.

"Oh, tell me it was not you! It was your dress, and I spoke your name as you went by. But no, you could not mean *this* when you said those fearful words! Father, father, say that you are innocent, or I shall die of shame and horror!"

The over-wrought girl now lay on the floor in an hysterical attack, and neighbors, who heard her cries and moans, hastened to proffer their assistance. But Morris, recovering his usual acuteness, civilly dismissed them, and aided his wife in conveying their miserable child to bed.

There for many weeks she lay in the delirium of a low fever, unable to reply coherently when questioned respecting her partial discovery of the murder; unconscious that, when the doctor pronounced her recovery hopeless, Hugh Weston had stolen to her side to kiss her burning cheek, and that her own ravings, added to other circumstances unfavorably construed, had made Harvey a marked and suspected man.

No traces of the guilty parties, who had possessed themselves of a large sum of ready money, had been discovered.

It was surmised that, after securing the door and flinging the key into the mill-pool, they had made their way across the wood to some convenient retreat; but the absence of any evidence—no one but Katie having encountered them—involved the affair in mystery.

In vain did Hugh offer large rewards; no one came forward to claim them. And as time went on, the belief which had arisen, none knew how, that Harvey Morris was concerned in the murder, gained ground in Hazeley.

There were more than one ready to prove that he had gone in the direction of the mill that morning deeply angered with the miller: and an old woman picking up sticks for her fire had partly overheard his conference with his daughter.

From that moment he had not been seen near Hazeley until nightfall; when, as the door of the miller's house was wrenched open, he had made his appearance without his jacket. And, in strange, and as it seemed, remorseful silence, he had assisted in raising the miller, who still breathed, and carrying him up stairs.

Where had he been all this time, and with whom?

So strong were the doubts of his innocence, that he was examined by the county magistrates; but his explanation, though improbable, was possible.

He frankly acknowledged the angry feelings he had cherished, and the idle menaces to which they had given birth; and alleged that, too much annoyed to resume his work, he had gone to a small, out of the way public house on the road-side, where he drank deeply, spending all the money he possessed; and on awakening from the stupor which followed this unusual excess, had found the jacket on which he had pillowed his head *stolen*. That, ashamed to return home by daylight or confess his folly to his wife, he had skulked about the wood until the evening, arriving at the mill on his way home, just in time to be among the first who entered.

Although many shook their heads over this tale, yet the man's previous good character obtained his release. But he grew moody and sullen as people began to avoid and point at him, and the men with whom he worked to utter covert insinuations, to which his readiness to resent them with his fists only gave a deeper coloring.

"Mary," he said to his wife one night, "we must go away from here as soon as that poor child can be moved, or I shall be goaded into worse deeds than they accuse me of. Even you," he said, fiercely, "when Katie hides her face from me, shrink away too, as if you believe me guilty. God help a man when his own wife and children turn against him!"

The faithful wife put her arm round his neck. "Don't speak so bitterly, Harvey! If now and then a dreadful fear has come over me, that you went to the mill that night to ask for Katie, and a quarrel arose, only tell me that it wasn't so, and I'll believe you."

"I didn't think that I should ever have to say to you, Mary, I'm an innocent man. You ought to know me better, if no one else does."

"Forgive me, Harvey," she pleaded; and putting his arms about her as she knelt beside him, the harassed and depressed Morris forgot his manhood, and wept.

"We'll go away, Mary. Perhaps in some new home, where there is no one to throw this in my teeth, I shall get back my old spirit and work with a will. But I can't here! I'm like Ishmael, every one seems set against me. And though I try to keep a bold front to 'em, my heart gets heavy, and I'm sick of the struggle."

So it was resolved that Harvey should start on the tramp for work the following morning, and in the course of another week his family left Hazeley also. Katie, though fearfully weak, was recovering; and was equally anxious to bid farewell to the scene of so much sorrow.

Hugh Weston, who only heard of their projected departure an hour before it occurred, hastened to the cottage and bent over the fragile form of her he loved.

"Katie, how can I let you go away from me? But it is only for a little while, is it? By-and-by I shall come and fetch you back."

"No, Hugh, no; I must never see you again. Even if we could resolve to forget your poor uncle's disapproval, you could not marry the daughter of the man whom people—" Her voice died away in a sob.

"But *I* do not believe him guilty, Katie. He came to see me before he left Hazeley, and we did not part like men who mistrust each other. You will come to me by-and-by, dear?"

But she repeated her "No" with equal firmness. "For your sake, Hugh, it must not be. If ever my father is cleared, then—but in a little while you will marry some one more suited to you in station, and I mustn't wish it otherwise." However, Katie wept bitterly as she sobbed this.

Hugh said but little more, for she was evidently unable to bear the agitation it occasioned, but his last words were, "Trust me, Katie! We're not parting for ever, remember!"

And, in spite of her better judgment, she did trust him, and cherished a secret hope that they should meet again, even when a report reached her that Hugh had sold the mill and flitted to a distant county. Even when months elapsed, and no sign came from him. But these were not the days of the penny postage, and Katie felt herself amply rewarded for her faith and patience, when, on her birthday, a parcel arrived by the carrier, containing a handsomely bound Church Service, and within its cover a tiny simple locket, which held a wave of Hugh's black hair.

Long before this Harvey Morris had secured constant work at excellent wages; and Katie, restored to health, was the active and intelligent manager of a large dairy farm, belonging to a gentleman who owned a splendid estate in the vicinity of the town where her parents now resided.

And out of evil came good, in so many ways, that if she sometimes remembered the old home at Hazeley with a sigh of regret, it was always followed by self-reproach. Her father, no longer the idling, dissatisfied man, but sobered and steadied by what had occurred, now labored assiduously for his family. Her mother had lost the haggard look of over-work and scant food; the boys, under better teaching and greater home care, were developing into bright lads; and one of her sisters was in training under her own kind and steady supervision.

Perhaps such thoughts as these, mingled with some secret yearnings to know if Hugh still remembered her, were in Katie's mind, as, a few weeks before her birthday again came round, she stood one soft summer eve watching the setting of the sun from the little flower-garden she called hers.

But she was not permitted to indulge them long. Mr. ——, the gentleman who employed her, was about to leave England for a lengthened period, and she was to see him that night and receive some final directions, etc.

So, gathering the wild roses and honey-suckles from the hedge-row as she went along, Katie, with a lad for a protector, went up the pretty lane which separated her domain from the garden, and entered the "great house" by the offices.

It was an hospitable mansion, and it was nothing uncommon to find vagrants seated on a bench outside, devouring the food unsparingly bestowed on all who craved it; and a ragged footsore man limped from it as she approached, and entering the lobby with a profusion of thanks and apologies begged permission to light his pipe.

The good-natured cook brought him some matches, and he was about to turn away, when Katie, white and trembling with eagerness, clutched his arm. "Where did you get that jacket?"

The confused vagrant tried to slip away, but flinging-to the outer door and bolting it, she repeated the question.

Seeing that the servants—both male and female—were beginning to gather around him, he told a rambling story of having bought it of a mate some long time ago.

There was falsehood in his shifting eye and stammering tongue, and she followed up the inquiry with another.

"Where are the men who went with you to Hazeley Mill the night Abel Weston was murdered?"

For a moment he was startled into silence; then, declaring with a blasphemous asseveration that he knew not what she meant, he thrust his pipe and tobacco-pouch back into his pocket, and, roughly pushing her aside, sought to escape.

But Katie seized and held him firmly. "Help!" she shrieked, "help me! This man is a murderer. I can swear to the pouch now in his possession! It was Abel Weston's; and he had it in his hand when I last saw him alive."

Mr. ——, who was a magistrate, was quickly summoned, and Katie's prisoner spent that night in the county jail.

The excited girl flew rather than ran to the neat little dwelling in the outskirts of the town, where her family resided, and rushing into the room fell upon her father's neck.

"You have forgiven me long ago, have you not, for my cruel suspicions? and now, my own dear persecuted father, the whole world will know your innocence. One of the men, he who wore your jacket, is taken! How shall we find Hugh Weston? he must be sent for."

"Hugh Weston is already here," said a well-known voice, and Katie started up to meet his loving embrace. "I should have been with you before this," the young man continued; "but at first the success of my new undertaking was doubtful. Now, there is a home waiting for my true-hearted Katie."

"But what is this about a man being in custody?" asked the impatient Morris, and his daughter told the full particulars of her providential meeting with one of those for whose crime he had so nearly suffered.

The prisoner, seeing his danger, turned Queen's evidence; and his accomplices were seized and punished for the brutal deed they had committed; the good folks for many miles around Hazeley flocking into the county town to witness the execution of these stolid sullen murderers of the inoffensive and respected miller and his kindly wife.

When the trial was over, Hugh Weston talked of returning to his business, and it was an understood thing that he did not intend to travel alone. But Katie shook her head sadly when he urged her to fix the day for their nuptials.

"I would fain say yes," she faltered; "but the memory of those who loved us both is still very dear to me, and how can I do what I know would have angered them in their life?"

"Dear Katie," was the earnest reply; "in all that is right and just, I, too, will try to do what would have been pleasant in their eyes. But think you, that if they see us now, the same worldly motives that governed their objections to our union can influence them? Rather believe that their blessing hallows the love which time and trial has strengthened."

The argument was convincing; and after a brief visit to Hazeley, where the tears of the young couple fell fast as they wandered around the old house, and stood by the grave of Abel and Martha Weston, they were quietly united; from thence departing to found a new family of Westons in a valley as green, and beside a river as brisk and clear as the never-forgotten stream that still turns the weather-stained wheels of Hazeley Mill.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE LOYAL SOUTHERNERS' CONVENTION.

WHAT though the loud fierce storm-wind howls?
What though the night be dark?
What though the lowering tempest growls
Above the wave-tossed bark?
What though New Orleans' whirlwind,
And Memphis' iron hail,
Again, unchecked, roar round your homes—
There's no such word as fail!

For bright upon our Northern plains
There stands a glittering band,
That soon will pass fair Freedom's torch
Alight, from hand to hand.
Before its gladsome, cheerful blaze
The scowling storm shall pale;
So courage, friends! Bear nobly on!
There's no such word as fail!

The time is past when slavery dire
Our erring people led;
The Copperheads are seared with fire,
The Dough-faces are dead.
A few woe-worn and trembling ghosts
At truth and justice rail;
But soon they'll vanish with their hosts—
There's no such word as fail!

No tyrant's will can curb the bold,
Free spirit of our land;
His chain will break who seeks to bind,
His sword fall from his hand.
Our Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Shall o'er her foes prevail;
So bravely tread your gloomy path—
There's no such word as fail!

The time is past when lips were sealed
From uttering words of truth;
Baptized in blood, our Union dear
Again renews its youth.
Like a young giant, for the fight
All armed in plate and mail,
Young Liberty essays his might—
There's no such word as fail!

From Ellsworth's blood to Dostie's true
We've counted every drop;
The sacrifice is nearly through,
And soon the plague will stop.
Our prayers and tears, our sin and shame
To purge will soon avail;
Then, crowned with Victory, we'll know
There's no such word as fail!

JOHN.

A VISION OF PARADISE.

THE spirit is passing,
The earth is retreating,
The window of hope
Closes over the eye;
The pulse it is throbbing,
The breath it is fleeting—
Fluttering—quivering—
Lost in a sigh!
The angel protecting
The pure soul is greeting;
The glory of heaven
Illumines the sky;
While soft on the wings
Of young cherubim sleeping,
Earth's loveliest daughter
In odor floats by.

Sweetly she slumbers,
As, wafted afar,
She leaves the lost world
For a happier star.
And angels are winging
The found one to kiss,
Who sleepeth in beauty
To waken in bliss.
Hark to their harps,
The rapt seraphs are singing!
As, wafted on zephyrs
The wanton notes stray;
Tripping, the Houris
Fresh flowers are bringing,
With perfume and fragrance
Embalming her way.
List, the glad chorus
Through Heaven's arch ringing!
Resounding it echoes
In musical play;
From the portals of bliss
To the distance where, swimming
In ether, the lost comet
Wanders astray.

Wake! for thy morning
Hath risen in light!
Thy sorrows are vanished,
And gone is thy night.
Rise in thy purity,
Daughter of Earth!
Glory awaiteth thee,
Wake into birth!

To melody rising,
With incense ascending,
The maiden is changed
To a Spirit of Light;
From her ivory shoulders
Fair wings are depending;
She flutters—she mounts—
She is lost to my sight!
The gates are revolving,
The guards are defending,
The entrance of Paradise
Melts from my view;
The vision is fading,
Its beauties are blending!
And waking—I mourn her
Beneath the dark yew.

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